CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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THE HORIZON OF OUR POSSIBILITIES

The service of the valleys
Charms me no longer. Since on the peak I stood,
All that I am has longed to rise, and rise,
Cleaving the mists, until it touched the skies!

It is as though the very youth of May
Gladdened my heart and streamed into my being.
I feel it in my arm—'tis hard as steel;
And in my hand, that, as the eagle's claw,
Clutches at empty air, and shuts again,
Wild with impatience to achieve great deeds.

For, as the hand,
Toiling with tong and hammer on and on,
To hew the marble, and to guide the chisel,
Now bungles here, now there, yet may not halt,
And nothing, small or great, dare leave to chance,
So do we oftimes lose our passionate faith,
Feel the heart tighten, and the eyes grow dim,
'Till, in the daily round of drudging work,
The clear projection of the soul doth vanish.
For to preserve that Heaven-sent gift is hard.
That lost, all's lost.

Gerhart Hauptmann.

Drawn by F. DeForest Schook. *Plate engraved by The Beal Engraving Co.*

THEY DREAMED THE DREAMS OF LOVERS SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN.

The Jumping Frenchman—See page 1058

CANADA-WEST

VOLUME IV. LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1908 NUMBER 5

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON G. HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to The West," etc.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE:—The sweep of wide skies, the breath of the wind across unbroken spaces, the touch of new lands not yet taken over—amid these things and in these themes any man may find profit and pleasure. The author, at least, has found in such scenes, now growing rare in his own country, soon to be impossible in any country as the new lands pass, so much interest that he has taken for granted the interest of others in certain conclusions which seem to be attendant on current phenomena to be observed in the only portion of the American continent now entitled to be called the West.

The intent of this work is to view from different angles, personal, governmental, philsophic and utilitarian, the question of bringing civilization to the wilderness. No writer justly can claim wisdom sufficient to solve the age old problems which to-day so greatly complicate the question of colonization. The only answer to such problems lies in the years. None the less, we may not deny the vital interest to-day of the whole question itself. A history of America, so full of splendid successes and deplorable mistakes, but transfers a keener interest in the history of Canada, where such mistakes may yet be avoided.

It is not merely a glib bid for interest which prompts any thinker or writer of to-day to say that Canada is the hope of the world. There is serious truth in that. Any study of Canadian colonization touches the notion of the expansion of an empire. Far more deeply must it be concerned with the wish to extend comfort and content to all those who, under any flag, are weary and heavy-laden. The author hopes to indicate that business and human kindness are not incompatible in private, governmental or national policies. In the affairs of a great government, a great people, they are indeed inseparable, the one indispensable as the other.

Necessarily, in any discussion of colonization two sides appear, the business and the idealistic. Which should preponderate? Were it not possible for the latter

to do so, perhaps one might not so much have cared to undertake this labour. Since the theme may hold both, and since fundamentally and disinterestedly it has to do with taking human beings out of doors, into a wider and more useful human life, and placing them under wider and bluer skies affording a better human horizon, the work offers sufficient interest to enlist the soberest thought of any man. It has afforded keen delight to the author.

EMERSON HOUGH.

June 1, 1908.

"No praises of the past are hers,
No pains by hallowing time caressed,
No broken arch that ministers
To Time's sad instinct in the breast:

"She builds not on the ground but in the mind
Her open-hearted palaces—

"Her march the plump mow marks, the sleepless wheel;
The golden sheaf, the self-swayed common weal;
The happy homesteads hid in orchard trees,—

"What architect hath bettered these?
With softened eye the western traveler sees
A thousand miles of neighbors side by side;
Holding by toil-won titles, fresh from God,
The land no serf or seigneur ever trod."

CHAPTER I.

THE VERY POOR

"LET there be light!" was the mandate. It could not count cost, could not qualify. There has been light. Sometimes humanity has burned in its own lamp.

Net resultant of many warring forces, there has come what we have been pleased to call progress, what we call civilization. Under these the race as a whole may or may not have been benefitted, the species may or may not in part have deteriorated. Certainly it may be held true that at times civilization needs to correct itself. It needs to look to it that overmuch precious oil be not expended in its flame.

Civilization at any rate has come. It has been ours. We have not cared to evade it, but have sought it blindly, with all our energy, in all the ages of the world. We are what we are, human units, some of us strong, many of us weak, all of us fundamentally—and rightly—disposed to be selfish. We have blindly pressed on, few asking why, toward what we have conceived to be a state of greater comfort, under social systems growing continually more complex. The tribal gathering, loosely formed for the sake of mutual protection, has evolved into the so-called immutable governments of the civilized nations.

We have in one way or another always set above our communities, our tribes, our nations, some sort of government; and then as time has passed, we have customarily found fault with that government, sometimes have execrated it, sometimes have overthrown it, usually have modified it; always because of abuses of the great idea that humanity and the common good is, after all, the greatest of all things. Sometimes, confusing government with conditions which arise under government, we have, seeking to get the world tribal again—that is to say, to turn back the stars in their courses—gone to the desperate extreme of socialism, saying that since governments oppress we should have none, but should divide the products of the world equally, the weak with the strong—the step from socialism to anarchy being an easy and natural one, after touch is lost with the old idea of the survival of each unit through its own efforts, up to its own measure of fitness. This doctrine is on its face absurd, and is one neither for a sane man who has read history nor a strong man who has not.

But certainly we have always, at this or that stage of the earth ferment, had the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor. Finally, in the recent

swift development of what we call civilization, we have come upon a transient time of utter selfishness and forgetfulness, a time of unbridled greed. Business triumphs, human kindness fails, the wolf-pack is set on again. And now we have, more than at any time in the world's history, the very poor. Now indeed civilization needs to correct itself.

It is of no use to turn away from the truth. The civilization of the Occident now sadly resembles and parallels the older civilization of the Orient. Suffering and famine we of the Caucasian races also have known in the past. That was as naught to what now faces us in all the proudest capitals of the white man, in the Old World and the New.

The Caucasian has progressed in one sense of the term. He has brought into use many and wonderful discoveries of science; he has developed to an undreamed extent the possibilities of happiness and comfort. But alas, doing this as it were with one hand, with the other he has taken away from the wide majority of human beings all hope of reaching and enjoying such possibilities. He has developed to still greater degree the possibilities and the certainties of human misery and suffering, of torture and doubt and dread; *and he has put these things within reach of all!* These things made the lives of many, of the majority.

Nowhere in any part or period of the world were the two social poles farther apart than now; and this nowhere so much as in the lands we call the most advanced. The world was never quite so rich, nor quite so poor as now.

It is our privilege and our duty to study our own time and to advance with it; but it is none the less our privilege and duty for our own sake to study the story of other ages of the world, to compare our own times with others. No record is more vivid and vital than that of things dead and gone. The hordes of Genghis Khan made history in their day—a story of savagery and glut of blood and little human kindness, but of many new-made maps. The slow splendour of the Byzantine Empire is a thing of august beauty to-day, as once it was. The stories of Rome, of Greece, of Venice in her time of flowered opulence; the story of the Phœnicians and their adventurings afar; the history of the French kings; and the steady and manful story of the rise and dominance of the men who came out of the ancient forests of northern Europe and spread across the world—all these are things which citizens of any nation should know. They teach humility as well as pride.

These are stories of governments and conquests; but at no stage of any conquest, whether of force or peace, was there ever stilled the irrepressible conflict within each government, each nation, each society, each and every collection of those who have given up some individual rights for a common good, and who have in time seen these rights usurped or misused by those who took them over in trust for society. Never has there ceased the war of the individual with the government. No government and no code of laws has ever remained unchanged. New conditions of society continually have arisen for adjustment, and they always will; and adjustment will always come.

Never, let us say with pride, has there ended the old war born of the Saxon's insistence that he is a man, that some individual rights he surrenders to no government and no set of men. Here then indeed is war. Here then indeed is a great problem.

Strongest of men, this old forest-dweller has done more good and more harm, has scored more progress and more retrogression, has gone higher and fallen lower, achieved more and failed more than any other man of the earth's days. His one virtue is that, having failed, he still will try to set right his own wrong deeds. He is always ready to give ear to the demands of justice.

The measure of the Saxon's failure to-day is the total of human suffering in his great cities, here or there, on this or that continent. He has the most splendid cities in the world; and yet they house the largest numbers of the poor. No race has developed so strongly, or is now so threatened with decadence. Yet each of these poor is a human being.

Each has deserved his chance if he could find it. Upon the least of these was laid the iron rule that he could be no bigger than his environment. Heredity can do little for a plant if it have no soil. If a man be starved, he can obtain no stature, mental or bodily. A distinguished American economist, Professor Thomas H. Macbride, thus voices that old truth:

"It is a commonly accepted dictum among naturalists that every organism, every plant and every animal, is, to some extent, at least, a creature of his surroundings. Every creature has come to be what it is through long use of a particular, stable, or only slowly changing, environment. Conformation to his environment makes him successful, makes him happy. It is thus the fish floats in the ocean, the bird swims in the upper air. Each in the long course of the world's history has come to be perfectly adjusted to the life it leads, and is in so far happy.

"Now the case of man himself is not different. Man too has his natural environment. Into it he has grown; to it he is by nature, we say, adapted; so perfectly adjusted and adapted that life for him under other conditions is inconceivable, is impossible; as much so as for a fish out of water; yea, far more so, by as much as man's relations to the external world are so much more numerous, far-reaching and complicated than those of a fish. The fish has a natural right to water, because he cannot live without it. Now if we concede that there are any such things as *natural* rights for man at all, we must admit that these are first of all based upon and determined by his relation to this external environment. They are *environmental rights*. A man is entitled to that environment which has made him what he is by nature; he has a right to all those surroundings to which by virtue of long habit and association he is so perfectly adapted, the unfolding of daily life in accordance with the natural conditions of successful human living."

For the human plant then, opportunity is as necessary as the very seed of life. The answer to the cry of the poor, to the cry of the city, to the cry of socialism and threatened anarchy is one; and it is as easy as it is complete. The answer is: More land; wider opportunities;—in short, colonization. The new lands of the world offer the only hope as we to-day are organized, mentally, governmentally, physically.

From time to time Saxon man has found his opportunity, or taken it, one way or another. In one way or another he has insisted on his individual right, or has wrought revenge on those who have opposed him too far or too long. Guided in good channels, Saxon strength is useful; pent too long in wrong ones, it always will be dangerous. Saxon strength is most dangerous when, clinging to the soil which bore it and which it loves, it finds not soil enough for its own needs, and so dies while it is still alive!

Do not evade that thought, that word. Do not evade it, in England, in America. That word is Decadence.

Opportunity the Saxon man has always sought, and usually while keeping in his mind the old principle that men best win while fighting shoulder to shoulder. He has found his opportunity sometimes in other lands. Resenting even dictation as to how he should worship, he found a new continent for his churches. Followed there by what he fancied was the wrong notion of being taxed without his own consent, he took a large part of that continent for his own, shoulder to shoulder. Differing, as he fancied, from the old country, he builded in America under the name of a Republic a vast swift-mingled empire of his own, and soon shouted to the world to witness the wealth he had won, and the extent of the mis-use to which he could put that wealth. Not much different, save through soil and climate and new daily needs, the American made all the old Saxon mistakes, pretty much as they have continued to be made in the old country whence he came. Professing to be the most humane man in the world, he and his brothers have shown the world, both sides of the sea, the largest and most helpless masses of

the very poor! In a reckless and profligate age of unequalled opportunity and unparallelled abuse, he has grown richer and poorer than ever he was before; more luxurious and more dangerously wretched; *and this on both sides of the sea.* Let not England, Canada nor the United States seek to evade that truth.

The long list of industrial successes of prideful America, the vast tally of her balance sheets, the figures of her inordinate and unscrupulous wealth—what do all these mean to any man who will stop to think? They spell only the old struggle in a new age, the old failures where success should have been, the old misuse of opportunities which belong to humanity as a whole and not to a few who in one way or another have grasped them. This sin has been not American alone, not Saxon alone. New York, Berlin, London—it is difficult to choose between them.

In the United States, even in these days of false prosperity, never was life so near being unbearable for those of middle station, so perilously near to unsupportable for the very poor. Correction must come also in America, or there must be one more page written in Saxon history, a page of the same old sort. The spirit which rebelled against unjust taxation will rebel again. In these days of close touch of all the world it matters little on which continent such rebellion must come; but certainly America must pause and ponder, or else soon see revolution. If the republic shall not reconstruct, the republic will perish. The poor and the very poor will erect again their place of judgment and of execution. It is not socialism, and not anarchy which says this. Worse—it is *reason!* There will be no division of property equally among the weak and the strong. There is a difference between Socialism and Saxonism. The United States need not fear the former. The latter she well may dread.

In Germany the very poor exist in swarming thousands. They have little hope, save what offers across seas. That country, called a monarchy, has its own laws. Society is still seeking and still fleeing the center, in the old way, none the less. Socialism in Germany is a fact admitted. It is represented in a political party continually growing. It must be reckoned with as formulating the human discontent, the mutiny now brooding over so much of the world. A Socialist leader in the Reichstag in a recent address showed that in Berlin alone there were over 40,000 unemployed persons. The unemployed must eat. The others must feed them. What horror and what menace lie in that term "unemployed"—what menace exists in the armies of those who feel bitterly that life has not given them their share of opportunity.

Herr Bebel, the Socialist leader, declares that these troubles in Germany were wrought largely by the abolishment of honest competition, the industrial combines, the prevelance of price agreements—the old folly of trying to evade the ancient law of competition; the folly of the present but wholly temporary tendency toward "trusts." He said that the poor could not buy food at prices established under such conditions, declared that Germany was paying the highest prices known in the world for everything she used. The loaf of bread which a year ago weighed four and a half pounds now weighed less than three, and it cost twice as much now as then. The children of the cities were starving, not having enough to keep them strong; and this was true in those most pitiable ranks of life too proud to be called pauperdom. Nearly five thousand school children in Berlin alone were striving to get some sort of education, and to do this were obliged to study without food, to learn the dinnerless day. Many more thousands had nothing better than bread and coffee for any meal. He knew not where the end would be.

And yet that end is perfectly predicable. The remedy is certain and easy. It lies in better equalization of opportunity—cost what that may to a few—or else it lies in blood; as in time it will lie in America, late boaster of opportunities free to all the world and inexhaustible; as it will lie in Old England, ancient and strong, but not ancient and strong enough to be exempt from the law of growth and change.

The story of the pages of history is slow, but very sure. It says inexorably that those who seek to govern, those who seek to remain rulers or officers in any system of organized society, must never undertake to abolish from the world the ancient law of fair play; because there are two who can play at the game of foul play, the oppressor and the oppressed. This truth is written for all the nations to see, whether Republic or Monarchy, Despotism or Democracy.

In the city of Chicago, in the United States, second metropolis of that country, and one of the most swiftly grown capitals of the world, what continuous rush and bustle goes on! Stately buildings arise, occupied by those who do great deeds, vaunted industrial deeds. You and I see these things, but we know nothing of the life which lies beyond them and around them and under them. In the city of New York conditions are even worse, and the swarm of unassimilated millions still comes in. America is no longer a land of opportunities. It is no solution for the troubles of the poor of Europe to transfer them to the spawning grounds of the poor of the United States. That is not to offer opportunity. So much for a Republic.

There are cities worse even than New York. How about the countries of the Old World? Take the city of London, blue focus flame of civilization's blowpipe. London annually feeds on charity an army of eighty to one hundred thousand of the unemployed. She has thirty-five thousand children who know no such thing as home. She has half that many criminals who are homeless; more than an equal number of women on whom sits the worst of all civilization's curses, the curse of unweddedness, of denial of motherhood—the women sacrificed to civilization as we know it. There, then, you have a picture from which we are accustomed to turn away our eyes. *None the less, that picture exists. It is there.* We do not blow it out by turning away our eyes.

Multiply all these unfortunates by two, and you do not reach the total of the tenement dwellers who daily live on the edge of starvation. Each week London has over one hundred thousand persons in her hospitals, her workhouses, her prisons—over one hundred thousand parasites, *the unfed and the hopeless.* Each night an army, greater than the entire military force of the American continent, sleeps unhoused or crowded in cheap lodging dens in this one city of London. What hope of life do such conditions offer? What can these starving thousands do, and what chance have they? One and a quarter million men in London support families on less than five dollars per family each week. It seems incredible, but it is true. What is the end? Why, the end of England, if there be no change.

In these lower classes of humanity the death average is at twenty-nine years. It is long enough. But England dies also thus young; and in an equal torment; and in an equal decadence. Why seek to evade the picture? It is true. And of those who die, *twenty-five per cent.* die in workhouse, jail, asylum, or some other place provided by those more fortunate than the parasites of civilization. Is not this toll of life a dreadful and terrifying thing? Why deny it? It is true.

These poor of this ancient city—of any ancient city—are little, dwindled, crooked men, with no sap in their blood, no stiffness in their bones. Britons never will be slaves? Is that true? They are slaves to-day.

No nation is stronger than its average man. These men may go to the army or navy. Yes, and might be glad to go, for then they would have food with less certainty of death than they have where they are now—in this battle where defeat and death are foregone. But in the army or navy in time they would meet the product of a newer and a cleaner world where food for the ancestors had been more abundant, where oxygen had been more unstinted, where exercise had been more usual. The result of that meeting is written now. Why deny it? It is true. Let us not deny it. Let us see if we cannot take away the truth.

The hope of England rots, dies, stifles, reeks *in the alleys of her cities.* No part of the Orient is worse, no

human beings are lower in the scale of life than here

This product of the London slums cannot be saved at all Its only Kismet is death. No colony could take such offerings free. Canada rightly resents the introduction of such units into her population. To give them to Canada is only to transfer the problem of the parasite

There is no royal road to making a man You must begin back in his history You must feed him for at least two generations.

"When we reflect that the suppression of a single cell at the critical moment may change the direction of an axis or alter the contour of a leaf, it is hard to set too high an estimate upon the possible response made to environmental variations, however delicate We who study the physiology of the plant, peer into its changing cells, and strive in imagination to reproduce the marvelously intricate reactions—physical, chemical—that forever shift and play within those narrow limits we need not be told that every cell has in it opportunities a thousand fold to match and meet all the subtle changes suggested by the slow creeping but implacable forces that work out the physiognomy of this time-worn earth A little more calcium here, a little more phosphorus there, sulphates, nitrates, and the rest, and the thing is done! But, note you, the call for change at any given instant has not been great; the slow upheaval of these mountains, their peaceful gentle removal by the winds and rain; that is all; but that has changed and is changing the living world *Where the terrestrial call is rude or sudden, response there is none Nor could any sudden initiative on the part of the plant avail. To vary save as the environment varies would simply invite disaster. As well the tadpole suddenly assume lungs or the lizard put on feathers.*"

You feed your brood stock on the farm because that stock costs money. The human sort costs only life and a nations' utter ruin! How shall Saxon human stock be bred and fed? What is colonization? What should it mean?

Four-fifths of England live in towns; one-fifth in the country *That* is the way England deliberately plots her own ultimate overthrow It is her own armies that march against her. There is her downfall There is her invasion What shall be done with her town dwellers who rot and die, the hopeless poor, the submerged stratum which never can be saved? It were only a fool who would say off-hand that the remedy lies in promiscuous colonization, yet only a worse fool who dare say that it can lie anywhere else than in intelligent colonization

The focus in London is the result of all of crowded England, the outpourings of all her overcrowded acres. The place to change the pressure is not along the line from slum to prairie, but from slum back to English farms, and from English farms to the prairie of the colonies, because the prairie demands strength and not weakness as a premise for success. On the face of it, this may be unwelcome doctrine to crowded England, who looks to unpeopled Canada for salvation wholesale But how about *Canada?* And how about humanity?

The frontier takes the strong. The new lands are the birthright of the strong. The heritage of new opportunities belongs to the strong the strong who have moved out under this or that flag into new lands, and grown *through touch with the soil and sky*; - these may freely laugh at any boast of Old England; they may freely laugh at any claim she may urge to warlike ways, because when they point, they point to England's cities. Men and women do not grow there. Men and women grow like any other animals - out of doors. The British lion will perforce and inevitably ere long be a caged lion, knock-kneed, blear-eyed, his claws freely to be cut by many who may like. The lion of England's colonies is quite a different matter. But as to England the monarchy, oldest and proudest and steadiest of governments, ancient, haughty, stern and strong, rich in worldly goods, richer still in the splendid history of her prowess, and yet again more rich in her history of justice—England, beautiful in her story of art and science and

literature, all stately things which should spell benefit to all humanity—what of her?

Alas! *England is worst of all!* Her very poor are the very poorest of the earth. Better be a rice-eating Hindu, dreaming away life on the banks of the Ganges, than one of the very poor of London, greatest city of the earth—London the ancient, London the horrible! The country which proudly calls itself owner of the best government and the greatest people of the globe has made the greatest of all failures. Britain's national hymn we know asserts, "Britons never will be slaves." Let us make bold to repeat that *no song ever was more untrue than that!* No use to deny the denial. Let us accept it, and so set to work to make the denial itself untrue.

The difference between the outcasts of the pent and huddled cities of any continent, the difference between these hopeless damned and yourself and myself, is *only one of human opportunity*. I am free, because chance had it that I was born in America in a day of less crowding than this. I read the pages telling of such misery as is above described, and the remembrance sits on my soul as a thing of horror. You and I, if we were really free-born, if we have really lived free, cannot read these things without feeling come over us a surge of human sympathy. You and I, perhaps, are not able to live save through our own work; but at least fortune has given us the chance to work and a life wide enough to allow us to feel surprise and horror at facts such as these.

Now turn to another picture—and a happier, one of more hope and greater comfort. Think of the wide free lands you and I have known, of the blue sky sweeping over lands unsodden, where there were no ordered streets, but where only the trails ran wandering. "In the natural environment of man there is a factor which has for ages been silently operating to make man what we find him—the presence of *beauty*. The world is a world of *beauty*, of soft majestic outlines, of harmonious splendour, peaceful and glorious to look upon. Through a thousand generations its waters, its mountains, its forests, its plains, nor less its individual trees and grasses and flowers have brought to man a perpetual environment of *beauty*. To this he has become adapted. Take away the physical beauty of the world and man's better nature, his human nature, his esthetic nature, starves and dies; all the light of joy and affection disappear, and man sinks to the level of the breathing mammal; and the purpose of the world is vain."

See the stately cathedral of the forest, and hear again the organ march of the winds in the pines. Without this, the purpose of the world is vain. Pause to restore in memory the breath of free prairie winds; reflect on hours of freedom in the saddle, in the canoe, with axe or rifle or plough, at the far edge of things. Review visions of many low-lying happy homes in the new countries, homes far apart, but each taking hold strongly upon the soil and upon life, each with its red comfortable hearth fire—some comfortable red Saxon hearth fire at eventime. Without *these* the purpose of the world is indeed vain.

Home! at least I have had so much as that. You, I hope, have had so much as that. But had our fate been birth in these older and unspeakable surroundings, then no matter how much we heard of the sweetness of the world of opportunity beyond, *we could not have reached* that world, for we had lacked means to make the step, had lacked intelligence to guide us, had lacked the final fillip of initiative from some one stronger, not yet pulled down by the crowd of a massed and mistaken humanity. For us, also, had we been so situated, the purpose of the world had indeed been vain!

"But for God's grace," said Bunyan, when he saw a hopeless one pass, "there goes John Bunyan." But for God's grace, there might have been you and I of this New World—where all we could have done would have been to beat at the bars, at last either to curse God and die, or to sink back into apathy worse than death—worse than death either for a man or for a nation.

The richest man risen from the ranks

in any new country ought not to vaunt himself too much. Had his environment laid him a little more firmly by the heels he might not have risen. Ah, we boast of our success, our strength, we who may at least eat as we wish, and sleep warm of nights. We ascribe our successes to ourselves, comfortably egotistical. What is the truth about it? The truth is that we *found opportunity*. We did not create it.

And yet all the new countries are a perpetual reproach to this manner of misgovernment, this sort of mishandling of humanity. The answer to all this is Opportunity. The human plant, pale and sickly and overcrowded in a hotbed, needs at a certain time to be transplanted into an untouched soil and under a broad natural sky.

Back to the *land!* That is the answer to the despair, the apathy, the decadence of the city, as it is the answer also to the hopelessness of an overcrowded rural life. *More* land! More *room!* That, with no manner of doubt, is the answer of to-day to those who dare not hope. Give England's or America's rural population a chance to multiply its acres, and you multiply also the acres of the city's poor, because the country closest to them, nearest native to them, is the best field for the first transplanting, and that first and easiest transplanting may spell the difference between life and death, hope and despair.

CHAPTER II.

CANADA

NATIONAL pride comes into the make-up of us all. Each dominant nation feels that it has divine right to all the earth; and so indeed, under the most ancient of all law, it has—if it can take it. Against the latter proposition militate many grave forces—geography, heredity, opportunity, the will of other peoples The distribution of the ownership of the earth's surface is a purely arbitrary thing, indeed an amusing thing if one stop to reason about the matter. But the stubborn truth remains always that some parts of the earth's surface are different from others There remains also the ancient truth that it is the creature which changes, and not the environment, when it finds a new environment in climate, soil, life, surroundings

Generations hence, England still may be ruling Canada. The unthinkable reverse may perhaps one day be true If that seem unthinkable, at least we all may and must agree that no law and no government will avail to leave Canada like England, nor Canadians like Englishmen. Britons, transplanted from the hotbeds of the old country to the fields of the new, will have become wholly unlike the Englishmen they once were They will have become Americans; which is to say, products of the peculiar conditions of this North American continent—which, as well as Europe, was created once upon a time Natural environment will work its way, far more than any government can have its way In fifty years Canada will perhaps and probably resemble the United States more than it will resemble England That fact should offer no exultation and no grumbling in contemplation It is not a theory of government, but of *geography*, of *environment* The great thing of interest is that Canada will have offered meantime to the world just what the world has needed and at the time it has most needed it Opportunity.

The story of Canada also, since it falls in these swift modern days of rapid transportation and perfect inter-communication, will, of course, far more resemble the story of the United States than the story of Old England. Swift development, general freedom, equality and openness of opportunity—these things come from a purely geographical situation It is latitude and longitude alone which always rule and which never can be dethroned. While it may hurt English pride to admit it, none the less it would be best for Englishmen and for humanity did Canada in the future less resemble in some smug ways England than the republic to the southward -or rather, let us say, what that republic was intended to be and might have been

It is Canada's opportunity to show what the United States does not show

a reverence for the law and for justice; and at the same time to show what England does not offer a readiness to meet and master new and interesting problems of swift modern civilization. It is not the question whether England does or does not like this other continent and its ways. Canada will grow, with or without England. The expansion will go on. Government makes not so much difference to man as does his daily bread. "*Ubi bene, ibi patria*"—where a man prospers, there is his country. Men will make their way along the lines of least resistance, as all life progresses. It is not the question how much England can control Canada. The great question is, of how much use can Canada be to England in the way of opportunity? Beyond that all the answers will come not through this or that political party, this or that system of government, but through the working of the law of environment. The great truth is that, one extreme against the other, *the lot of the average man is better in Canada than it is in England*. England is the one to profit by that truth, and not to grow muddled in her grumbling over it. Of how much use may Canada and England be to the *world*? Let us ponder over that.

Once a part of the same mid-continental tract, Canada and the United States lay side by side, separated only by the imaginary line of latitude, and differing only as latitude made them different. One has progressed swiftly, the other very slowly. This difference ought not to be ascribed wholly to differences in governmental system. It was in part topographical. The lower country was the richer in total natural resources, although the profile lines describing all these things would lap here and there in the story of either country. The United States has become a country with over eighty millions of population as against the six millions of Canada! Its wealth is much greater, it is far more of a world power than Canada alone can claim to be. Where was the mistake—in the separation of the United States from England, or in the separation of Canada from the United States? It is interesting when Englishmen and Americans argue this pretty question! Yet nature really settled most of that before Englishmen or Americans were born.

Between the two old colonies there was little difference save an imaginary one, a splitting of hairs over a long-forgotten matter of taxes and no representation—the same thing on which Canada insists in her scheme of government to-day! When England was at war with France, it was the American colonies which aided her. French Canada was gained partly or largely through "Yankee" help. Sir Gilbert Parker has it that a "Yankee" found the way up the Heights of Abraham for General Wolfe in the battle which took Quebec and Canada! Let England look to her historic laurels, and above all, let her be just, because pre-

ago, it was a "Yankee" who showed the way for England to take a newer and greater Canada, which she had not yet won—*and of whose existence she did not dream!*

There is no more than a faint line between the United States and Canada to-day; and what is still better, there is but a faint line between either and England herself to-day, a line annually growing yet narrower and fainter. Closer and closer together grow the three great regions of the world, England, Canada and the United States. Almost we might say that the greatest of these is the least of these; because more and more urgent each year become the problems of the poor, of the men who need room as their fathers found it before them; and Canada alone has room. History, geography, government, turn their faces now toward Canada. The free lands of the United States have been over-run by the eager population. There is little cheap land left in that country now, and there is too much honesty in its disposition. In parts of the United States land is as high as it is in England. What hope is there in any of the older countries on either side the Atlantic, for the poor, for the very poor?

But all this time, while mixed populations rushed across the Atlan-

regardless of theories of government—as though any governmental theory were of weight against the somber intent of humanity, as the human wave flooded along the lines of least resistance, there lay Canada unknown and unused, waiting until the day of need. Canada was the savings bank of opportunity for the world. Was not America also? Yes, once. But the banking was done on lines partly "wildcat," in ill-advised haste, in absence of all conservatism. To-day, as consequence, the United States is busy enough with Old World problems.

No one knew about Canada. She was shrouded in ignorance; and, of course, the impossible and Homeric truth is that this was an ignorance deliberately fostered. An adventurous but unprogressive French population had long clung to the eastern regions of the Dominion, sending out scouts and couriers to the western wildernesses of pines and prairies, but not preempting them. Farther to the west lay the realm of the ancient Hudson's Bay Company, indefinite, mysterious. The most splendid monopoly of the world, it held its serene way for more than two centuries. It crossed this continent in its march, and it gave England her strongest argument for the possession of more of the Pacific coast than she holds to-day. The story of the Hudson's Bay Company is not repellant; it is magnificent in many ways. Back of it was a splendid sloth, the magnificent indifference and ignorance of Old England itself. While that slow story was unfolding, through national expansion abroad and national crowding and narrowing at home, there grew in numbers the poor, the very poor, those fallen and discarded petals of a great nation's flowering.

Canada was long a land of romance and not of industry. The bold deeds of her voyageurs made interesting reading for men in the older world. There lay the wilderness in all its appeal, but none thought of it as else than a wilderness. Mackenzie and Thompson and Fraser, Harmon and Hearne and the two Alexanders—scores of bold souls crossed this wide continent by boat and saddle, flitting freely as birds here and there hundreds of years ago; and they wrote that others might read. But they wrote of furs and Indians of fire-arms and fire-water, and not of industry of any ordered sort.

Came then the days of sportsmen, many men of Old England faring west in the regions where ploughs now run, and these told of what they saw. One of these was Lord Southesk, who wrote some fifty years ago of his sporting pilgrimage to the Canadian plains and mountains. Southesk reached Winnipeg after passing through the United States to St. Paul and traveling thence north through Manitoba. He found little in the civilization of the American republic to afford him interest, yet was good enough to foresee the advantages of possible colonization of the western Canadian plains, although apparently he overlooked all intervening stages between the buffalo plains and the green hedges of Old England! He did not know that generations must elapse, even such swift generations as those of to-day, before the full miracle of what we call civilization can be wrought all through a vast new region late an utter wilderness.

Southesk passed up the valley of the Assiniboine, and along its tributary stream, the Qu'Appelle River, and found much of his best buffalo hunting near what is now known as the Last Mountain Valley, always a famous hunting ground in Indian days; whence he passed on into the Rockies. But Southesk used the same trail, fifty years ago, which you may see to-day written deep in the soil of the great plains of the Saskatchewan, the ancient trail of the Red River carts of the half-breeds. Canada has not had a pioneer for well nigh three hundred years!

Southesk seemed not to ponder much on transportation, but he did raise in his own mind the big question whether some of this great new country might not be used for colonizing purposes. He had the vague impression that this land might raise some product useful to humanity—humanity to his insular mind of course meaning only England! He wrote, and passed away, to be forgot. You scarcely shall find his book to-day.

Others came after the sportsman had passed. Macoun, observer and scientist, journeyed west in 1870, and his description of the flora and fauna of this vast western land awoke a wider interest. Some sort of dawn began to tinge the eastern sky with gray. At that time, however, no one seriously considered any permanent settlements much farther west than the line of what is now known as Manitoba. Not even the writings of Sir Sandford Fleming did much to enforce a belief that Western Canada was a habitable land. The Heights of Abraham still lay unscaled west of Winnipeg!

Now came the first trans-continental line, the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose promoters had surely an onerous task before them. But, after all, they could not fail. It was fate that in time this great crossing of the continent must be made otherwise than by canoe and Red River cart. It was fate that Canada at the proper hour must open to the world.

Last came all the swift story of many railways, threading over all these western plains. As though a great and noble picture were unveiled, West Canada lay revealed to the world, a thing of unsuspected interest and beauty.

(To be Continued.)

A HUNTING SONG

BY WILLIAM A. McDERMID

THERE'S a note in the air with the call at the right
And the sun in a glamour of the red of the tree
As we're up with the lark at the break of delight
And our carts ne'er drive with the pick of the breeze

And it's tally-ho-ing with the whip and the yell
As the gaps go through right at the call of the lead
While the crash of our tires cuts the pale of dusk
As we sweep from the highlands down into the glen.

Oh, the hosses are cool with the dew of the morn
And the breath of the spring is abroad on the wind
And the hills answer back the sweet-coming horn
So we press on for the laggard that lingers behind!

MORE SONNETS OF AN OFFICE BOY

BY SAMUEL ELLSWORTH KISER

Author of "Ballads of the Busy Days," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE PRITZ

XXI.

WHEN her and me were here alone, at noon
And she had but a pickle square at two
I set and watched and listened to her chew.
And thought how sweet she was and pretty too
She happened to look down at me and say
"You seem so sad, poor boy. What's wrong with you?"
And then I got to shiverin' all through
And wished that I was forty miles away.

I tried to think of some excuse to make,
But something seemed all whirly in my head,
And so the first blame thing I knew I said:
"It's nothin' only just the stummick ache."
Sometimes I almost wisht that I was dead
For settin' there and makin' such a break

XXII.

LAST night I heard Jones astin you to go
To see the opery next Thursday night,
And you said yes and he'll be settin 'right
Beside you there all through the whole blame play
And you'll be touchin' him with your elbow,
And mebby he'll say things that tickle you
And buy a box of chock'luts for you, too,
And I'll not be around nor never know

I wish I'd be the hero on the stage
And you was the fair maiden that got stoled,
And he would be the villain that would hold
You frettin' like a song bird in its cage
And then I'd come along and smash him one,
And you'd say: "Take me, dear, for what you done"

XXIII

WHEN I was dustin' off her desk one day,
And she was standin' there, I took the pad
She writes on when she gets dictates and had
A notion to tear a leaf off and lay
It up against my heart at night, when they
Was something made her come to where I stood
And say: "Poor boy," as softly as she could
It almost seemed to take my breath away.

That night I couldn't sleep at all becuz
[illegible]
Kep' all the time a goin' through my head
With thoughts about how beautiful she wuz.
And then I knowed she loved me, too, or she
Would not of cared how hard I worked, you see.

XXIV

I D LIKE [illegible]
For that would be a part of her, you know:
And if she'd tie it with a little bow
Of ribbon, then I'd fasten it somewhere
Clear down inside, next to my heart, to wear,
And fix it over every week or so,
When I changed undershirts, or maw she'd go
And raise a fuss because she found it there

One day when bizness wasn't on the boom,
[illegible]
To where I was, almost across the room,
I watched the spot where it went tumblin' to,
And now a piece of her is mine; it come
Right from the end of her dear little thumb.

XXV

I WISH, some day, when she's typewritin', and
I've took a note out for the boss somewhere.
They'd be some outlaws sneak in here and scare
[illegible]
Would steal her, and nobody else would dare
To try to save her, and they'd run away
[illegible]
And ast for more than her folks could pay

Then I would get a gun and bowie-knife
And take the name of Buckskin Bob or Joe,

PRETZ

And I'd rack that [illegible] den, and then I'd go
A-galley whoopin' in, and save her life,
And she would say: "My hero's came at last!"
And we'd stand there and hold each other fast.

XXVI.

LAST night when she'd got on her coat and hat
And felt her dress behind and then her hair,
To see if everything was all right there,
She stopped and said: "Well, now just look at that!"
And then put out one foot a little bit,
And says: "Ain't that provokin'? I declare,
The string's untied!" She put it on a chair,
A motionin' for me to fasten it

So there that I was a-good-ol'-ly put-ed the back
And grabbed the shoe-strings that were hangin' down —
I wish I was the strongest man in town
Oh, wouldn't I of let him have a whack!
And I'd of kicked him so blamed hard I'll bet
He'd wonder what he might come down on yet

XXVII.

MY DARLING [illegible]
Of things that seem to kind of bother you,
You put your pencil in your mouth and chew
Around the wood, and let your sweet teeth sink
Down in it till it's all marked up and split
And yesterday I seen you when you threw
A stub away that you'd bit up; it flew
Behind the bookcase, where I gobbled it

I put it in my mouth, the way you'd done,
And I could feel the little holes you made—
The places where your teeth sunk in—I laid
My tongue tight up against them, every one,
And shut my eyes, and then you seemed to be,
There with your lips on mine and kissin' me.

Drawn by Florence Pretz

SO THEN THAT LONG-LEGGED CLERK HE PUSHED ME BACK
AND GRABBED THE SHOE-STRINGS THAT WERE HANGIN' DOWN

MODERN MAN AND THE GOSPEL

BY SHAILER MATHEWS, M A., D D.

Author of "The Church and the Changing Order"

FIFTH PAPER

IN FORMULATING the teaching of the New Testament writers we must first of all realize the Apostolic point of view. No one of them was concerned in building up a philosophy into which the facts of Jesus' life, death and resurrection could be fitted. Their method was precisely the opposite. One might also say it was inductive. They possessed but two groups of facts, and what we may call the doctrine of the Gospel is really drawn from putting these facts into systematic relations These two sets of facts were, first of all, the life, the death, and the resurrection of Jesus; and second, the indubitable Christian experience which resulted from the acceptance of Jesus as the Christ. When the New Testament teachers began the work of systematizing their thought, they used the facts connected with Jesus as the basis for their simple philosophy concerning the facts of experience.

I

Starting from the fact of the Christian life with its accompanying assurance of escape at the final judgment, the early Christian found himself face to face with the question, What is the basis of this gracious act on God's part? The Judge was to be, was already, gracious, but had even He the right to be? A man, it is to be recalled, is not said by the New Testament to be justified *on account of* faith, but *through or from* faith. No one of the New Testament writers ever presented the matter of faith in Jesus as actually something which would warrant God's remitting the penalty of an imperfect man. That would have been to be saved by "works of the law." The simple fact of which they were assured was that they had been redeemed Further questions did not concern themselves, but God. How could God have seen his way to remit the penalty of that unrelieved death which the law attached to sin for the men who had accepted Jesus as Christ? What was the basis upon which he, so to speak, could justify himself in the eyes of a moral world for allowing the wrong doer to escape from death the penalty of his sin? How could he be just, and the justifier of those who believed in Jesus?

These questions would come to the Jewish Christians inevitably. From childhood they had been taught that God was a sovereign, that the law of God was immutable, and that the soul that sinned should die. Now they were convinced that in their case death was to be overcome, and the terrible curse of the law thereby removed They could believe God's love because they had experienced its results. Could they believe that God had any moral right to pardon? The question had not been distinctly raised by Jesus, but Paul with his academic turn of mind could not overlook it

Yet he had a very simple answer this question. The Christ had himself submitted to death; he had borne the curse laid by the law upon sin. It is here one sees the importance of recognizing the central position of the Messianic element in the New Testament teaching It was no mere martyr's death that Jesus suffered. It was rather a part of an eternal plan. The cross became a symbol of justified and justifying God, precisely as an empty tomb became the symbol of the Christian's conquest over death.

of Paul's words. Law had been graciously given by God that sin might be made exceedingly sinful. But law carried in it the curse of death for those who disobeyed it. To break the power of death, as the believers knew God had done in their own case, raised the suspicion that God had been morally out of accord with himself. Yet this Paul could see was but a matter of human interpretation farthest possible from the truth. God was not indifferent to His own law. The Christ Himself had died. But His death had not resulted from His own sin—it had been merely in behalf of others. He had died for them as their representative, a King for His subjects, a Messiah for His kingdom.

The Apostles never elaborated this fact of the atoning office of Christ's death beyond the use of figures, but all of these—sacrifice, propitiation, redemption, purchase, ransom—give clearly enough the same significance. The death of the Christ made it right for a loving God to forgive those who accepted the Christ. Farthest possible would it be from New Testament thought to hold that in any literal sense an angry God had to be appeased or placated. Without exception, the Apostles held that God Himself originated the plan of salvation. He was a God of love, and the Lamb had been slain before the foundation of the world. Nor is there in the Gospel any thought of an actual transfer of punishment from a man to Jesus. To say that he bore men's sins is no more than a striking figure to indicate that he bore death, the penalty for sin. Penalty cannot be transferred; it can only be abrogated or mitigated. All, whether believers or not, die, and death is all that Jesus is said to have suffered. The significance of His death lies in the fact that it was He, the Christ, who died and rose again. The fact that He died on the cross is, so to speak, only an accident. It is utterly to destroy the perspective of the Pauline thought to make the argument of Galatians about the curse which rested upon a man Who had been hanged, the basis of a theol[illegible]. It was not the way in which He d[illegible], but the fact that He died which made the Christ's death significant. If he had died from any other cause, even from disease, the argument of Paul would have been quite as strong. The fact that He, the pure, the eternal Christ, had suffered that which had been introduced as the penalty of one man's disobedience—the fact that He had died, manifested God's righteousness and enabled Him to be considered righteous while He was acquitting those who accepted Jesus as Christ.

II.

Under this formal question and answer of the early church lay one with which men must forever struggle. The right of a God of law to forgive a repentent soul is but a way of raising that question which grows the more profound as each new province is added to human knowledge. Is the God of law a God of love? Is the God of love a God of law? We know Him in each capacity. Can we know Him in both? Can the God who establishes the forces that break out in murderous volcanos and floods be also the God who cares for the individual? And can the God who answers prayer be also the God whose will is expressed in ever-recurring seasons and in the unswerving calculable march of the planets?

It is hard, terribly hard at times, to believe that He is indeed both. Our faith does, at least in our better moments, transcend its own difficulties, but too often only to be staggered by the apparent indifference of all the beneficent forces of the universe to the well-being of the individual's life. The God of nature we know; the God of love we experience. But is He the same God?

Philosophy at this point gives poor relief. Our help again is in the facts of the Gospel. It is the death of Jesus that really gives us courage, that really helps us to hold to our old ideals, to understand the meaning of our deepest experience, to believe that the God of love is the God of law It is not merely that Jesus died unconvicted and unrighteously. Such a view will indeed give us courage to bear suffering bravely and to hold fast at all costs to the supremacy of justice and to all

things divine; but it is not convincing. Other men have died the same death.

It is the Jesus whom we have accepted as Lord and Christ, whose life we have taken as the supreme revelation of the divine life, who helps us as He helped the early Christian to hold fast to the belief that the law is ruled by love and that love works in law. It is not merely that he dared so much and endured so much that leads us to be certain that God Himself must be one who can be trusted even when we cannot understand Him. It is not merely that we are nerved to suffer or nerved to repentance by His death Far truer is it that we feel, just because He was what He was, that in His death the two forces of the universe get meaning. Through His death He passed on to the higher life. Then suffering and death that are so inwrought in all life are a part of a process intended for our good! Then God is good, even when He watches us die! The questions that have given us distress may be answered in no utilitarian sense. Their answer lies with us as with the early Christians in a new confidence in God

We cannot understand the universe, but for the man who looks out upon it as the expression of God whom Jesus revealed there is no fear of evil. He may shrink from suffering, but if he be ready to follow his Master, he does not dread the passage from his present life to the stage ahead. He knows that the God of law is the God of love.

But let us not mistake the source of the new understanding of God. A man has this faith because Jesus has died to reveal His character. Tear out this from history and you tear out confidence in God and implant pessimism and blankest fatalism. If death be, as our science tells us, in universal life, the death of Jesus must be also. Without it the divine plan would be impossible. To say men live that they may die—this is to argue that there is no God of love. In Jesus' death, God's introduction of death, and then His enabling men to overcome death, are seen to be parts of one great process in which all law is love and all love is law. In Jesus and in His resurrection, suffering and death become in the individual what they are known to be in the race—a step towards joy. The cross for the modern man becomes a symbol of victory over the distress and agony of soul born from the struggle to believe that the God who permits the destruction of innocent life by flood or fire is also God of infinite love and tenderness. For him, as for the early Christian, it becomes a revelation of God Himself. If death be necessary in a universe like ours, the death of Jesus was necessary to establish, not only that there is life beyond our present life, but that the God who thus leads men on to higher joys was just when He made death a minister of misery to those who choose the lower way of life. And knowing God thus more truly, we come to Him and are at peace.

AUTUMN

BY JANE ROTHWELL

LIKE tired lids the leaves drop down,
Earth drowsy grows, and on her breast,
Beneath a blanket red and brown,
The weary year lies down to rest.

THE JUMPING FRENCHMAN

BY WILDAN McBRIDE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. DE FOREST SCHOOK

EVERY shantyman in the big camp at La Tuque on St. Maurice River knew there was bad blood between Black Michel and the Orphan.

The fact sufficed them, for they were not given to seeking the causes of things. Yet, if some of them had known of the unsatisfied hate that raged between these two the end might have been different. These resourceful men of the big woods have a code of their own which meets most cases.

They comprehended more readily, and with approval, the friendship, like that of David and Jonathan, between the Orphan and Jean Prevost, the Jumper.

They liked and accepted the Orphan, while they feared and distrusted Black Michel. He was arrogant and morose and clearly not one of themselves. He was a mystery to them. He had come in, after the camp opened, with a letter for Red Ritchie, the foreman, and that taciturn ruler of men had treated him with scant ceremony, but had put him to work. Ritchie approved of Black Michel no more than his woodsmen did, but a request was sacred coming from the Seigneur of St. Jacques de Iberville, even if he had fallen from his high estate by being, through misfortune, no longer a big lumberman, but simply a country gentleman. The habitants at St. Jacques still regarded him with liking and respect, not unmixed with fear, though his fortunes had dwindled, but it was as a young and daring lumber operator that he had commanded Ritchie's loyalty.

With his misfortunes Black Michel, his son, was closely connected, as Ritchie knew. He would give the young man countenance and shelter for a time for his father's sake, but he gave Black Michel to see clearly that he need expect no favors for himself.

Ritchie remembered that the Seigneur had attempted to apprentice his son to the woods that he might carry on his extensive operations, but the young man had taken more kindly to the ways of Montreal and Quebec. He had gone such a pace that it was necessary he should disappear from his world for a time. In his struggles with adverse fate, the Seigneur had needed the aid of his son, as Ritchie well knew, having been his right hand man in all his undertakings. Instead of receiving the support he had every right to expect, the old man had been called on to expend vast sums to save the honor of his family and his son from his folly. Now the son was again in hiding, virtually, and Ritchie was willing even to evade the law to befriend the father of this Black Michel whom he despised. Ritchie was a grim, silent man, who had loved his old boss, and the only consolation he had was that the Seignory was left to his friend after the crash. This was much to the old Seigneur, and Ritchie was glad.

When Black Michel and the Orphan had met in the woods, neither gave any sign of recognition. They had always been enemies. They had last met at St. Jacques in personal encounter, and they both remembered that they had quarrelled the first day they met. This was shortly after the Orphan had come to the village by the Richelieu with his friend and foster father, Cure Lonergan. The priest had closed in death the eyes of the Orphan's parents, during an outbreak of smallpox in Quebec, and had taken the yellow haired Irish son to his home and to his heart. Had not he likewise been adopted by a good French priest when his own Irish parents died of the Immigrants' Fever, as thousands of other unfortunates had died in that sad year, 1848? Father Lonergan

cherished a dream of giving his foster son, also, to the beloved Church, even as he himself had been given. The dream faded as years rolled by, but his affection for the boy grew stronger each year. To the countryside his Terrence was known as Le Orphelin, until his own name was almost forgotten. On the first week, after he was made Cure at St. Jacques de Iberville, the priest had taken the boy to call on the wealthy habitant, Joseph Marcel and his bonne femme. This couple deemed it their only misfortune that they had but one child, Adele, but they bowed to the will of the Bone Dieu Adele was a dark-eyed, elfish child of seven years. She gazed at the Orphan long and earnestly with the direct gaze of a child, and then throwing her arms about his neck, said quietly, "Je t'aime." After this, the quaint, gabled Norman house among the elms was home to the Orphan. In course of time he was adopted into their home, and grew up to be regarded almost as their own son

Joseph Marcel increased in substance, having interests in cheese factories and other enterprises, and the care of the farm fell naturally to the Orphan.

When, after a number of years, Adele returned from the Convent of The Good Shepherds in Montreal, an accomplished young woman, these two did not find it easy to adjust their former relation to the present. They were no longer boy and girl.

The Seigneur's son also found her beauty attractive, and made excuses to visit the farm. The Seigneur himself was a proud man, his was the best blood of old France and of the New France, but in an alliance of his house with that of the rich habitant he saw a way out of pressing financial difficulties. He swallowed his pride, and with all due Norman formality, he proposed the alliance to Marcel at the celebration of the national fete, St. Jean Baptiste. Sturdy old Marcel, as proud as any Seigneur, was not insensible of the honor done his house, but knowing something of Black Michel's career, consented only on the condition that the marriage should be in every way acceptable to his daughter.

An hour before the Orphan had wandered away from the fete to think over his own unhappiness. Adele, who had been piqued by his coolness since her return, had come upon him, and, seeing his melancholy, had with a return of their old air of comradeship, seated herself by his side and rallied him upon his mood. He was thinking of the future, he said, and turned again to gaze moodily out on the sunlit, swiftly flowing river.

Ah! She was interested in his future, too.

"Do you recall the night," he asked, "when, angered by a reproach of your father at my neglect, I prepared to run away? But you, my dear friend, divined my thoughts, and persuaded me to remain."

"But—Yes" She remembered, and if the Orphan had not found the river so fascinating he might have seen how she blushed, a much fairer sight than the river. More had been said that night than he had implied

The Orphan, however, continued to look out on the swiftly flowing water, and he said, tremulously, "I stayed then for your sake. I have been thinking I should go away, now, for your sake."

There was a pause, but he did not [illegible]

It was all understood between them then, and through that June afternoon they dreamed the dreams of lovers since the world began.

Then the Seigneur and Marcel had come upon them, and at first sight the men had recognized the situation. Marcel was altogether unprepared for any such development. For the first time in his life he was harsh to his daughter, and unjust to the Orphan who made a manly declaration of his love before these two and Black Michel also, who had just come up, having been searching in a fever of impatience for Adele. Marcel would not hear him, ordered him from his house, and roughly bade Adele to come home at once

Before them all she had kissed the Orphan, and said proudly, "I love thee, Terrence, and thee only, against everything, and *jusqus, a la mort.*"

Drawn by F. De Forest Schook

OLD PIERRE TELLING THE STORY OF THE LOUP GAROU

Then she had walked away with her father, while the Seigneur followed at a little distance

Grinding his teeth with rage, Black Michel reproached the Orphan, who answered him not at all. But when the Seigneur's son reflected on his parentage, they fought till they were found and separated by young men of the village.

That night Father Lonergan heard the story from the boy. He placed his hands on his head and blessing him, bade him go away into the outside world for a time. He smiled upon the lad, and encouraged him, but when he had gone the old priest locked his door and wept.

Thus it was that these two met once again, and with rage in the heart of each. The shantymen knew instinctively there was trouble, but as they said, with a shrug of the shoulders, "That is not an affair of ours."

The Orphan's protege, Jean Prevost, who had followed him from St. Jacques, brought about the crisis all unwittingly.

The men soon discovered that Jean was what is known in the woods of Maine as "A Jumping Frenchman." Through some supersensitiveness, or disorder, of the nerves, when suddenly bidden to jump or strike or do any foolish thing he must needs do as bidden. The woodsmen delighted to play upon this weakness, and though they learned to respect his friend's ability as a fighter this could not altogether protect Jean from their torment

The night of the arrival of the provision train at La Tuque was a fete night. This time it arrived a day ahead of time, and Ritchie was absent at another camp. The driver Pierre, known as Le Corbeau, brought news of the outside world of Three Rivers, of Sorel, Lavaltrie, Berthier en Haut, and even of Quebec. He had letters and there was merry badinage concerning the belles, and also contrary to all prohibition, there were bottles of whisky blanc secreted in his sleigh.

The rough maple logs were piled high on the fire, and clouds of smoke from fragrant tabac Canayan hung about the indented bark of the rafters. The woods rang to the chorus of "Au Claire Fonatine," "Brigadier," and other chansons Normandie, until the wolves gave answer on the frosty air. Then, too, there was such dancing as can be seen only in the big woods when the fiddle issues its call to the true woodsman

Old Pierre knew every man on the St. Maurice, and then also he was a droll raconteur. Anon he held them spellbound and awoke their superstitious fears as he told how the wicked moonshiner at Radnor, Jules Crepeau, was overtaken by the Loup Garou on his way home at dawn of All Saints' Day.

Jean was listening with eagerness, standing by the table, where sat Black Michel in moody aloofness. Rouge Rene, espying Jean, saw in him a chance to create a diversion, and dispel the gloom of this fearful tale told by Pierre.

"Strike, Jean," he roared

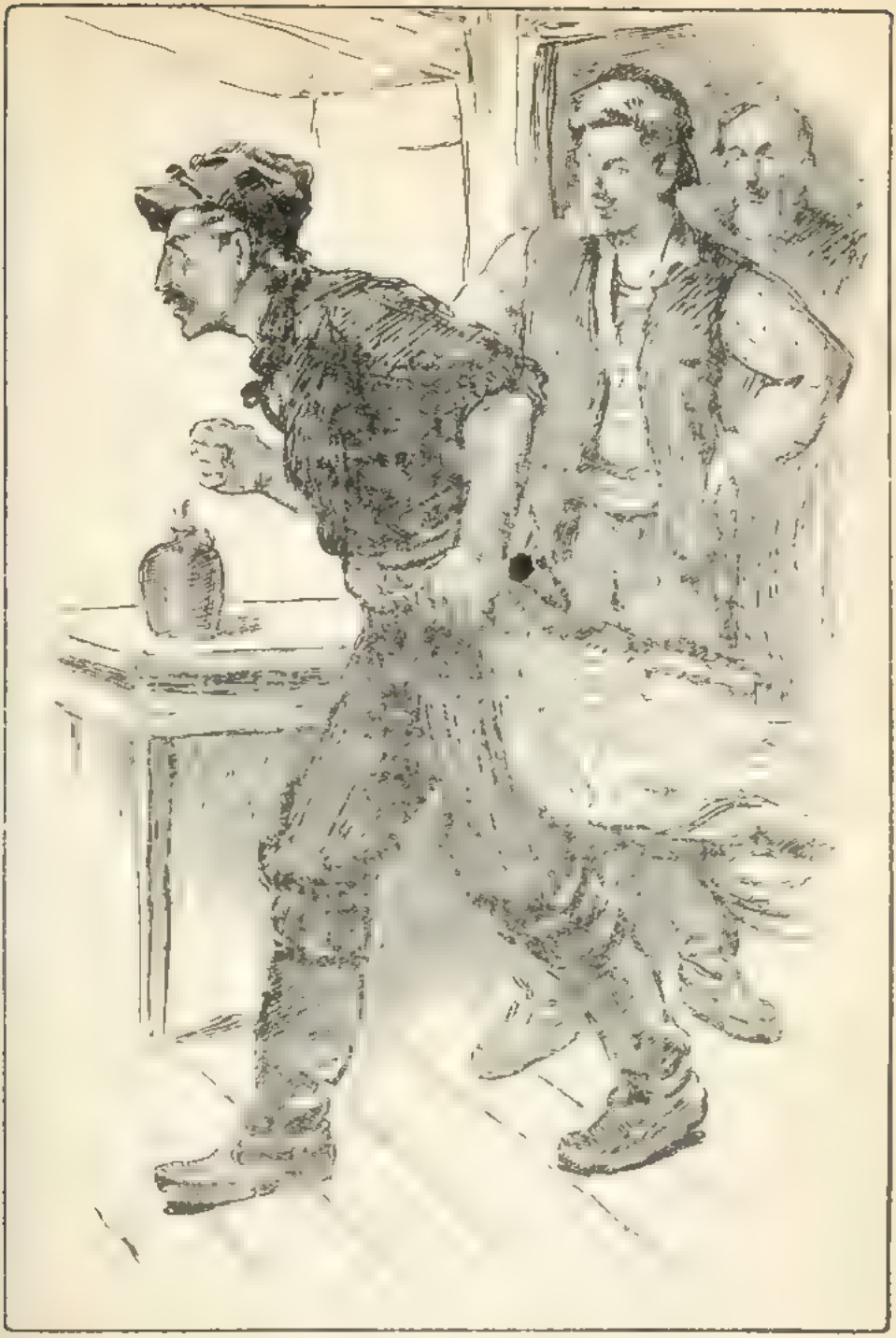
And Jean hit out blindly, the blow falling on the face of Black Michel.

With an oath, he sprang to his feet, and felled the poor jumper with a blow.

"Mon Dieu, he is dead," cried Rouge Rene, in distress, and taking the poor jumper in his arms he spoke words of comfort as to a hurt child.

There was tense silence in the room as the Orphan laid down his violin by the fireplace, and walked across the room to Black Michel.

"Pollision," he said, quietly, and struck him in the face. Not at all unwillingly, the woodsmen formed a circle to watch the fight. These two fought, not as the bullies of the woods with loud outcry, arms swinging and jumping high in air to strike a blow with their heels, but as trained boxers fight. In effect, this they both were Black Michel had followed the "fancy" in his city career, and the Orphan had been trained by Father Lonergan, who in his day was respected on the water front in Quebec where fighting was the chief joy. They faced each other grimly, and the silence was broken only by the impact of a blow, the scrape of their boots on the rough boards or the short drawn breaths of the onlookers Michel was a big, powerful man while the Orphan was a fair-haired stripling



Drawn by F. De Forest Schook

'STRIKE, JEAN," HE ROARED

slim, but very agile. He was twice sent reeling across the floor, by sledge hammer blows, but after that he was more wary, and depended on his quickness of eye and lightness of foot to escape the blows showered upon him. That fight has become famous in the woods. At the end of a quarter of an hour Black Michel was becoming unsteady, while the Orphan was cool and confident, though his face was bloody and bruised. There was the light of murder in the eyes of each, for this was no battle for mere glory. Black Michel grunted ominously when a blow with the full body weight behind it fell upon his heart, but a moment later with a mad rush he sent the Orphan staggering across the room with a cut in his forehead

Jean Prevost cried out, and would have rushed into the fray, but was restrained by Rouge Rene.

The Orphan swept the blood from his eyes with his shirt sleeves, and nimbly eluded the attempts of Black Michel to follow up his advtanage. The pace was telling on Black Michel. The Orphan was punishing him severely, so that he lost all control of himself and rushed upon his opponent like a bull in a rage. In his final rush his left arm glanced harmlessly in air over the shoulder of the Orphan who struck him fair in the throat, causing him to gasp and stagger as one blind. Then the Orphan stepped backward, and with a full swing of his right arm struck him upon the chin, and Black Michel sank limply to the floor

When Red Ritchie burst in demanding to know the cause of all this, Louis Latour, the bully of the St. Maurice, told him, and added that Black Michel had got what he deserved. The bully of the St Maurice had learned to love the Orphan that night

Ritchie, with a gleam in his eyes, contented himself with ordering them all to bed, though he muttered in his beard that they were "a band of pigs," which is a harsh saying in French.

Black Michel came to himself to see the woodsmen crowding about the Orphan with bravos and cries of congratulation. He went silently and morosely to his bunk, and all night lay awake listening to the deep breathing of a hundred men and hating them all. The fire burned low, and strange shadows stalked mysteriously about the vast room, deep gloom falling upon his bunk. They mocked at his humiliation, and hate and lust of revenge consumed him like a flame. The fiend of memory taunted him with every past moment of his intercourse with his enemy, and shouted in derision the words of love spoken by Adele. Then it reiterated Rouge Rene's cry of "Strike, Jean," till the inspiration flashed upon him to use the hand of his enemy's friend in wreaking his revenge.

The opportunity came next morning [illegible] Black Michel was one, was taking out some square timber on the hill across the valley. The men trudged to their work with the stride peculiar to their calling, the Orphan in the lead, followed by Jean with a heavy broad axe on his shoulder. As they topped a little hill covered with white birch the Orphan paused at sight of a deer at attention in the evergreens in the valley. Jean had just seized his broad axe by both hands to transfer it from one shoulder to the other, and as the Orphan paused his lagging steps brought him almost beneath it

"Strike, Jean," hissed out Black Michel with vehemence

The axe descended

* * * *

Two days later the provision train stopped at the last camp on the way out, and something wrapped in a blanket was reverently placed in an outhouse. Two men were left to guard a bound captive by the fire, but before dawn they slept. Then, through the uncertain light a form stole to the fire, and bent over, looking into the eyes of the captive. A piercing shriek of agony went up to heaven, and the shantymen tumbled out of their bunks to see, limned by the fading and uncertain fire, Jean Prevost, the Jumper, holding up a clasp knife, from the point of which there was a red drip, drip, drip

A STUDY IN HOMESTEAD LAWS

BY L. DARBY

LAND to give away—land in the heart of Canada's settled districts, almost in the middle of towns, to be had by homesteading. This is the practical message of the new Oliver Land Act, taking effect September first. Twenty-eight million acres in the surveyed sections of the Prairie Provinces which have hitherto been held in reserve by the Government are thrown open by the Act. During the last two or three years the homesteader in the West, in many instances, has been obliged to go an inconvenient distance from the railway in order to find available land, but now there will be land, and plenty of it, open to homesteading right in the midst of prosperous agricultural communities, where the soil has been tested and the pioneer stage of life is a thing of the past

The result of the publishing abroad of this news must be an added impetus to the movement of the land hungry to the Canadian West. The steady stream of settlers will become a torrent, rushing in by thousands and hundreds of thousands.

The organization that will handle this stampede is wonderful in its completeness and efficiency. W. D Scott, Superintendent of Immigration at Ottawa, is a veteran in immigration work having served his apprenticeship years ago with the Canadian Pacific Railway. His experience and executive ability will devise means of handling the rush with the absence of friction and the large amount of comfort and satisfaction for which the department is noted. The United States farmer who wishes to take up land in Canada will find at his service the most perfectly organized immigration system in the world. All through the Republic are scattered carefully equipped agencies, under the direction of W. J. White, Superintendent of Agencies, who is an old newspaper man, favorably known to prominent editors throughout the United States. Mr. White knows the people of the States and understands their needs. The Yankee settler has only to drop a postcard to one of these agencies and he will find the way smoothed for him straight to a fertile quarter section of Canadian prairie. In the last two years more than one hundred thousand persons have crossed the International boundary, many of whom were willing to go miles from a railway in order to get free lands. What will happen now, when land may be had for "the asking" in the heart of the settled districts in the finest agricultural country in the world? In the meantime, a brief study of homestead law may be of timely interest.

The homestead law is a product of the New World. It is the expression by young countries of their desire for population and the wealth for which agriculture is the soundest basis. There is no precedent for the law in the codes of the nations of Europe because never, before Columbus doubled the size of the world, were there lands crying out for peopling. The homestead laws of both the Dominion and the United States were framed for the same purpose, namely, the settling of vast areas of vacant country with a prosperous agricultural population. In this enterprise the United States was the pioneer, and Canada has been able to profit by her neighbor's experience. For this reason a comparison of the laws of the United States with this new Dominion Land Act, which is the result of the experience of two nations, is illuminating

There is a certain fundamental likeness between the two sets of laws, because in seeking to fill their vast solitudes with a large and thriving population, both have had to guard against the same difficulties. Great tracts of land must not be allowed to

fall into the hands of a few individuals—therefore, both have set a limit to the size of the tract which one person may acquire. The individual settler must not be hampered by lack of sufficient land for a competence—therefore, both laws provide a generous allotment, one hundred and sixty acres. The land must be permanently productive—therefore, both laws require cultivation over a period of years to test the prospective owner's good faith.

Theoretically, then, the laws of the two countries are framed to serve the same purpose; practically, both in their provisions and in their enforcement, there is a great difference. For convenience in administration the public lands of the United States were surveyed into blocks six miles square, called townships, and each township was divided into thirty-six sections of six hundred and forty acres each. The Canadian Government, when it found itself with a new empire of wilderness on its hands, followed the same plan. Application for a homestead may be made in both countries by a citizen or by an alien who declares his intention of becoming a citizen, but in the United States five years residence is required before the final naturalization papers are made out, in Canada only three years. In the United States the head of a family (including widows, spinsters and wives who have been deserted) or any male over twenty-one years of age, is eligible for a homestead, while in Canada the head of a family (including widows with dependent minor children, but not spinsters) or any male over eighteen years of age, may make application. The Canadian law thus permits a young man to get an early start in life, while it discriminates against those women whose cultivation of the soil is apt to be perfunctory, and the homesteading a mere investment, and favors those cases where there is a real incentive to the making of a living out of the farm for the dependent children.

In each case application must be made in person (except for certain limited classes) to the land agent in the district in which the homestead is to be taken up, while six months is allowed for the completion of the entry by entering into residence. This application in person is one surety of good faith on the part of the applicant. The expense of filing an entry is nominal in each country. In Canada it is $10 00 in all cases, in the States it varies from $14 00 to $25.00 in different localities. The immigrant with a very limited amount of money considers this difference.

After filing an entry, both laws require a period of residence before a patent is issued for the land, but in the United States this period covers five years and in Canada only three. At the first glance, the law of the States seems more likely to serve the end of placing a permanent population on the soil; but the crux lies in the definition of the term "residence". Canada requires at least six months *continuous* residence during each year, while the letter of the American law is satisfied by a few days in each six months. Thus, the real intent of the Homestead Act can easily be evaded in the United States, while in Canada the more rigorous requirements have no terrors for the man earnestly trying to make a living on his farm and a premium is put on his good faith by the comparatively short period before he receives a fee simple in his home. The American is obliged to build a house on his quarter section and live in it This house may be a mere shack, but it must be on the one hundred and sixty acres, even if the homesteader's family lives on the next farm. The Canadian may live with his father (or widowed mother) who lives on farm land of not less than eighty acres owned by himself or on a homestead not more than nine miles distant, or the homesteader may live on his own land of not less than eighty acres within the same distance This is a reasonable provision making for comfort and family life.

Again, in the amount of cultivation the American law is indefinite, simply requiring cultivation without stating an exact minimum. The Canadian law requires an "amount satisfactory to the Minister," which, prior to June, 1908, the Land Department fixed as the cultivation of fifteen acres by a resident homesteader or of thirty acres by one

living in the vicinity. Now the requirement is the breaking of thirty acres (of which twenty must be cropped) by a resident, and the breaking of fifty acres (thirty to be cropped) by a non-resident. A reasonable proportion must be done during each year. In case of land difficult to break because of scrub, the area may be decreased at the discretion of the department. Thus the Canadian law safeguards the Government and the homesteader at the same time; the duties being perfectly clear and definite, there is no debatable ground on which a homestead may be cancelled.

The law of the United States has one feature entirely lacking in the Canadian law: the homesteader, at the end of fourteen months' continuous residence and the cultivation of a large part of the quarter section, may commute the remainder of the residence requirement by a cash payment. Of course this is open only to those who are already citizens and to those who have sufficient means to enable them to break and cultivate a large area the first year. On the other hand, the Canadian law provides for the reservation of land by a boy at the age of seventeen. This has no counterpart in the American law and is a very comfortable arrangement for the farmer who has growing sons to provide for.

A citizen of the States, after securing one quarter section, has entirely exhausted his homestead right while the Canadian, under certain conditions, can secure a second allotment. Anyone who completed his patent by June 1, 1889, may take out another free homestead. In a certain large district in Alberta and Saskatchewan, a homesteader may preempt another quarter section lying adjacent to his homestead. Title is given to homestead and preemption at the end of six years, and the preempted quarter section has to be paid for in cash, one-third in three years from date of entry and the remainder in five annual installments with interest at five per cent.; but the preemptor may pay in full on completion of residence and cultivation duties. Any person who has exhausted his homestead right and is prevented from preempting by the position of his homestead, may purchase a second homestead by paying for it in three installments, the last one due on completion of the regular homestead duties. The purchaser must cultivate fifty acres and build a house costing at least $300.

The portion of the provinces in which preemptions may be taken is a large tract lying in Southwestern Saskatchewan and Alberta, bounded on the south by the International boundary, on the east by the line of the "Soo" railway as far north as its junction with the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Pacific to the 3rd P. M., and the 3rd P. M. on the north by the north line of townships 44, and on the west by the west line of Range 21 West of the 4th P. M.

Such are the principal provisions of the two laws. The American law is very simple —an example of the "go-as-you-please" spirit prevailing in the States at the time it was framed. It says: "File on the land; cultivate it, as much as you please; build a house of any sort you choose and live in it for five years -that is, do not leave it for a full six months at any time." The Canadian law is elaborate; but, as we have seen, its details are such as to safeguard both the Government and the homesteader, and to give it a reasonable elasticity, fitting it to individual cases.

To what lands do these two sets of laws apply—that is, what lands are open for homesteading in the two countries? In the United States there is practically no fertile land left for free homesteading. The Government is reclaiming parts of the arid States by irrigation, and from time to time parcels of these lands are thown open, in plots of from twenty to eighty acres each, a size suitable for an irrigated farm. The rush is so great for these small homesteads that applicants are obliged to register in person long ahead of time at the local land office and then a drawing is held for the privilege of choosing homesteads. Often five thousand persons will register for a few hundred homesteads. Then there are the Indian reservations which are opened occasionally. These lands are sold at from $2 00 to $8 00 an acre in

addition to the regular homestead duties. However, payments are on the installment plan, and as the lands are usually worth several times the price, there is a great demand. The same registry and drawing system is used on the Indian lands, and prevents the disgraceful fights which marked the opening of some of the large reservations in the past. But the chance of getting good land for homesteading is very slim. It is only a chance.

But Canada is still so rich in land that she is anxious to give it away, anxious to fill up her prairies with farms. Under the old Land Act only the even numbered sections of a township were available for homesteading, and for a dozen years a steadily-increasing stream of immigrants has been pouring into Western Canada and spreading itself along the railroads, until the available lands, within easy distance of market towns, were well taken up, and this in spite of the marvelous expansion of the great railway systems of the West. Of late colonists have gone into new districts ahead of the railway, knowing that it would come to them sooner or later—but this requires either capital or hardihood, or both. The odd numbered sections were a reserve from which the railways might choose their land grants, and the present Government pushed on the work of selection until all the railway claims were satisfied. The field was clear for the Oliver Land Act, which has just gone into effect. The minister has long cherished the plan of throwing open the reserves, and now he will have the satisfaction of seeing a tremendous stampede for the Canadian West, caused by the opening of these lands in the midst of the settled, prosperous districts.

ZUM WEINEN

BY ELIZABETH MUNGER

IS there no place where I can go
To hide my face and weep—
Where none on earth need ever know
Nor guess the trouble deep—
Is there no place where I can go
And throw me down to weep?

Before me lies the endless street,
All terraced high and steep,
Where dull eyed houses, staring, greet
My burning wish to weep—
Where restless, ever-passing feet
Cry out, "You must not weep."

A Short Tale of a Rabbit

By Nellie L. McClung

JOHNNY was the only Johnny Rabbit in the family that lived in the poplar bluff in the pasture. He had a bold and adventurous spirit, but was sadly hampered by his mother's watchfulness. She was as full of warnings as the signboard at a railway crossing—it was, "Look out for the cars!" all the time with mother. She warned him of dogs and foxes, hawks and snakes, boys and men. It was in vain that Johnny showed her his paces —how he could leap and jump and run. She admitted that he was quite a smart little rabbit for his age, but —oh, well, you know what mothers are like.

Johnny was really tired of it, and then too, Johnny found out that what mother had said about dogs was very much exaggerated. Johnny had met two dogs, so he thought he knew something about them. One was a sleek, fat, black puppy with a vapid smile, called Juno —and the other one was an amber-eyed spaniel with woolly fat leg They had run after Johnny one day when he was out playing on the road, and he had led them across a ploughed field. Johnny was accustomed to add, as he told the story to the other young rabbits that lived down in the pasture, that he had to spurt around the field a few times after the race was over just to limber up his legs—he was so cramped from sitting around waiting for the dogs So it came about that Johnny in his poor little foolish heart thought dogs were just a joke

Johnny's mother told him that all men were bad, and the men who carried guns were worst of all, for guns spit out fire and death. She said there were men who wore coats the color of dead grass, and drove in rigs that rattled and had dogs with them, and they killed ducks and geese that were away up in the air. She said these men drove miles and miles just to kill things, and they lived sometimes in a little house away out near a lake where the ducks stayed, and they didn't mind getting up early in the morning or sitting up at night to get a shot at a duck, and when they got the ducks they just gave them away. If half what old Mrs. Rabbit said about them was true, they certainly were the Bad Men from Bitter Creek! Johnny listened, big-eyed, to all this, and there were times when he was almost afraid to go to bed. Still, when he found out that dogs were not so dangerous, he began to think his mother might have overstated the man question, too.

One day Johnny got away from his mother, when she was busy training the other little rabbits in the old trick of dodging under the wire fence just when the dog is going to grab you. Johnny knew how it was done—it was as easy as rolling off a log for him, and so he ran away. He came up to the Agricultural Grounds. He had often been close to the fence before, but his mother had said decidedly he must never go in.

Just beside the gate he found a bread-crust which was lovely, and there might be more, mightn't there? There wasn't a person in sight, or a dog. Johnny went a little farther in and found a pile of cabbage leaves—a pile of them, mind you he really didn't know what to think of his mother—she certainly was the limit! Johnny grew bolder; a little farther on he found more bread crumbs and some stray lettuce leaves—he began to feel a little sorry for his mother—lettuce leaves,

cabbage leaves and bread crumbs—and she had said: "Don't go in there, Johnny, whatever you do!"

The band was playing, and there were flags in the air, but Johnny didn't notice it. He didn't know, of course, that the final lacrosse match of the season was going to be played that afternoon. Johnny had just gone into one of the cattle sheds to see what was there when a little boy with flopped-out ears and a Cowbrand Soda cap on, stealthily closed the gate. Johnny didn't know he had on a Cowbrand Soda cap, and he didn't know that the gate was shut, but did know that that kind of a yell meant business. He wasn't afraid Pshaw! he'd give young Mr. Flop-Ears a run for his money. Come on, kid—r-r-r-r-r-r-r—Johnny ran straight to the gate with a rabbit's unerring instinct and hurled himself against it in vain. The flop-eared boy screamed with laughter Then there were more Boys. And Dogs. All screaming. The primitive savage in them was awake now. Here was a wild thing who defied them, with all his speed. Johnny was running now with his ears laid back, mad with terror, dogs barking, boys screaming, even men joining in the chase, for the lust for blood was on them. Again Johnny made the circuit of the field—the noise grew—a hundred voices it seemed, not one that was friendly—it was one little throbbing rabbit against the field, with all the odds against him, running for his life, and losing! "Sick him, Togo! Sick him, Collie! Gee! Can't he run! But we've got him this time. He'll soon slow up." A dog snapped at him and his hind leg grew heavy. Some one struck at him with a lacrosse stick, and then ——

He found himself running alone. Behind him a dog yelped with pain, and above the noise someone shouted: "Here, you kids, let up on that! Shame on you! Let him alone! Call off your dogs there! Poor little duffer, let him go. Get back there, Twin!"

Johnny ran dazed and dizzy and once more made the circuit and dashed again for the gate. But this time the gate was open, and Johnny was free! Saved, and by whom?

Well, of course, old Mrs. Raboit didn't believe a word of it when Johnny went home and told her who called off the dogs and opened the gate for him She said—well, she talked very plainly to Johnny, but he stuck to it, that he owed his life to one of the Bad Men who wear clothes the color of dead grass, and whose gun spits fire and death. For old Mrs. Rabbit made just the same mistake that many people make of thinking that a man that hunts must be cruel, forgetting that the true sportsman loves the wild things he makes war on, and though he kills them, he does it fairly and openly

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THE IDEAL

BY HUGH COCHRANE

THE song unsung more sweet shall rung,
Than any note that yet has rung;
More sweet than any earthly thing
The song unsung!

A harp that lies, untouched, unstrung
As yet by man, but time shall bring
A player by whose art and tongue
This song shall sound to God the King;
The world shall cling as ne'er it clung
To God and heaven, and all shall sing
The song unsung.

RAILS TO THE PEACE

BY R. W. WILSON

"I WILL at any time, go among my own people in Quebec and tell them fearlessly that the Canada of to-day is not confined to the St. Lawrence Basin, nor even to a narrow strip of country from east to west along the boundary of the United States. Canada to-day must reach out northward to the utmost limit in which profitable settlement, civilization and enterprise is possible."

Thus spoke Sir Wilfrid Laurier more than two years ago in concluding a notable and singularly eloquent speech in the House of Commons at Ottawa. The occasion was an important one, for Sir Wilfrid then gave the first definite pledge that his government would support a railway from the North Saskatchewan to Churchill, and give every possible assistance to the development of a commercial route for Western produce to Europe via Hudson Bay, a project which had received considerable opposition from the eastern provinces—particularly from Quebec.

In this declaration of a broad Government policy the Premier expressed in eloquent words what William Mackenzie and D. D. Mann have been carrying out in the development of their Canadian Northern Railway system.

It must not, however, for a moment be assumed that in their interest and aspiration for development in the north, these men have in any way neglected the eastern portion of the Dominion. They show their faith, not in words, but in actual work of extending their system, "here a little and there a little," till at no distant date the people of Canada and the rest of North America will be startled by a modest announcement that the Canadian Northern is open for through traffic from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The operations of this system are too well known to require recapitulation. Suffice it to say that the operations of the Canadian Northern have been the fitting and adequate complement of the western development policy initiated in 1897 by the Hon. Clifford Sifton, and continued by his successor as Minister of the Interior, the Hon. Frank Oliver.

The construction of a railway from the North Saskatchewan River to Churchill on Hudson Bay has been a feature always present to the guiding spirits in laying out the route lines of the Canadian Northern. Had the boundaries of the "postage stamp" Province of Manitoba been extended northward so as to make it the equal in size of Saskatchewan and Alberta at the time when those two provinces were created, there is little doubt that long before this, Canadian Northern steel would have been running into Churchill, the construction bonds being guaranteed by the Manitoba Government in the same way as the earlier Canadian Northern issues. Now that Manitoba's boundaries are being extended to include Fort Churchill, it is probable that more will be heard of the short railway — some ninety miles — which runs from Etoimami to "The Pas" on the North Saskatchewan.

However, the purpose of this article is not to deal with the Canadian Northern generally or its soon-to-be realized aspirations towards Hudson Bay, but to point out the significance and importance of the fact that this company is building a line north from Edmonton to Athabaska Landing Already the first twenty-five miles of it as far as Morinville are in operation. Between Edmonton and Athabaska Landing there is good productive country, and at the Landing itself there has been of late years a considerable and increasing traffic. The importance of this extension to inland

navigation consists in the fact that it is the first distinct railway bid for the trade of the great Peace River district, and an acknowledgment by Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann, than whom there are no two better authorities on the Canadian Northwest, that the trade of the Peace River country is worth cultivating.

The term, "The Last Northwest," must now be applied to the Peace River country. It is a misnomer to call the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, "the Canadian Northwest." That name was well enough in the days of the Northwest Territories, but to day Western Canada is more appropriate, or better still, Central Canada

In the history of the North American continent there has always been a "West." It has invariably been a "Last and Best West," exercising a fascination for the young and venturesome, the restless and ambitious, and the man who is unhappy away from the frontier of civilization. In mentioning the latter individual it is not intended to convey the idea of the frontier desperado of American fiction. Such a type does not exist in the vast territory patrolled by the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and in the Peace River country life and property are as secure as in any part of Manitoba. Some people believe that this great valley of the Peace will some day have a population as large as that of the three prairie provinces, but this is probably an overestimate. However, in its Last Northwest, the Dominion has a great reserve of fertile agricultural land to draw upon when Western Canada shows signs of filling up—and that is looking a long way ahead.

But even before that day there will be a population along the Peace well worth taking into consideration in estimating the growth of Western Canada. Ever since the "gold rush" to the Yukon, settlers have been filtering into the Northland in spite of the difficulties of transportation, and with the establishment of direct communication by rail and boat, this slow filtration will turn into a steady stream that will soon spread civilization from Chipewyan to Hudson's Hope

The name of the Peace River sounds pleasantly. It conjures up visions of a great valley in which are park-like lands, rolling downs and grassy plains, clumps of trees and bushes, and further back, great dark forests of virgin timber, while through it flows a broad river with numerous tributary streams flowing in from right and left. Well, that is just what the Peace River country is like, and there is a large quantity of it.

A feature of the district is the prevalence of the Chinook winds which have a marked effect on the winter climate. Old residents say that the winters are not more severe than the average winters in Manitoba and that when agricultural settlement has turned up the soil there will be less frost, as has been the case in Southern Manitoba and elsewhere

A recent visitor to Peace River district writes: "The country has more promise as an agricultural area than the Canadian prairies ever had, especially Manitoba, twenty years ago. It is even superior in some respects to Saskatchewan, one of the future granaries of the world. I found grown at Peace River Landing the finest wheat I ever saw, and learned that a World's Fair prize variety had been grown at Fort Vermilion on the same River several hundred miles farther north. In short, the observations of years show that wheat is grown as far north as sixty-one degrees and barley to the sixty-sixth parallel." It is already established that the whole country is excellent for stock-raising, and that large areas of wheat-producing land are available for cultivation. There is wealth in the forests and also in the fisheries, and to add to the attractions, placer gold is found in the Finlay River and in many of the creeks. This magnet will prove irresistible in attracting population. Perhaps some day there will be a railway far to the north of the new line to Athabasca Landing, straight as the crow flies from the head waters of the Peace to Churchill on Hudson Bay. Who knows?

JOE DICKLING'S PIG

BY JAMES N. MACKINNON

IT WAS a busy scene—typical of the Great West. Every man in his place while the great threshing machine hummed merrily, and the grain poured out into the brand new cotton bags, scores of which stood about in rows, almost bursting with the weight of the golden prairie wheat. Suddenly something vital gave way and the big thresher stopped, to be repaired, while the men stretched themselves on the sunny side of the straw-stack around "old Rod," whose reminiscences of the days when the West was young always attracted a crowd.

Stretching himself luxuriously, old Rod took out his well-worn knife and one of the boys brought him a bit of stick—for without whittling the old man could no more tell a yarn than he could whittle without talking. Testing the stick to find how the grain ran, he settled himself and began:

"Now, you fellows may have heard before how Joe Dickling lost his pig and the way he found her again, but you never heard the correct version, and you may take what I am going to tell you as gospel truth.

"As some of you old timers know, Joe in those days lived all alone in a small shanty in the very bottom of the valley of Goose Creek and he had for his nearest neighbor old Hugh Gray or Sombre Hugh, as he was nicknamed from his dour and gloomy looks. Hugh also lived alone away above Joe on the bank, half a mile off, and his cabin was exactly like Joe's.

"The two men were as unlike each other as two men could be for while Joe was small, round and sparkling, Hugh was large, gaunt and gloomy. Perhaps it was for this very reason they liked to be together. Thus, when Joe's flood-gates of humor broke forth and the bubbles from the plenteous supply of its essence within bade fair to choke him, one look at the forty below zero phiz of his friend was enough to make things normal again. In like manner when Sombre Hugh's chin began to sink into his collar, and the seams and lines of his face began to call a meeting at the root of his nose, then Joe would beam on him and the gloom would disappear like mist before the morning sun.

"Hugh's shanty door on the banks above was in a bee line with Joe's in the valley, and in the winter time, Joe's favorite pastime was to fill up the stove, put the kettle on, leave something nice and tasty in the oven and then walk up the brae to his friend's domicile, haul the old stone-boat to the door, sit on it with his melancholy friend and away they'd shoot down the glen, right to his own door, where things would be in prime condition for their grinders.

"You also know that in those days, pigs were few and far between among the settlers, and therefore the grunters were more esteemed, dead and alive, than they are at present. When Joe got hold of a young, bob-tailed, white porker, his joy knew no bounds, and many an odd moment did he and his friend put in, leaning over the pen, discussing the pig, her probable weight, the day's gain, etc.

"The pen itself was a marvel of ingenuity—a regular Chinese puzzle of a pen consisting of many small sections of boards so cunningly put together that, without knowing the trick, one could never take it apart without a sledge hammer; but Joe knew the key—a simple pin—to touch which would mean the collapsing of this elaborate pen, like a playhouse of cards.

"To look at Sombre Hugh's face, one would think a dead owl had as much humor in its composition as its owner—yet as he stood with the happy owner of the pig, that animal—had she been

more sagacious—could have seen a tiny sparkle in his eye, and also could have seen that he now and again broke the tenth commandment regarding herself.

"It so happened one night that they went out as usual after supper to view the pet and her elaborate cage, and also to give her the remnants of the meal in the hope of its putting an extra tasty streak or two under her well-filled skin Leaning over the pen, Joe had just exhausted the usual string of high-sounding adjectives he kept specially for praising his pet, and was just beginning to marshal the set he had on hand for lauding the pen when lo and behold! the toe of his boot, which he used in making exclamation points, came in contact with the hidden pin and the whole thing collapsed in a twinkling Of course, Joe and his friend collapsed too, and Joe found himself on his face with Hugh's large, gaunt form stretched above him. In a sort of gurgling tone that had tinges of anger in it, Joe had to remind his friend that he wasn't a feather bed and that he now wanted to get up if Hugh was quite rested. Joe couldn't be sure, but he thought that just as Hugh was reluctantly taking his weight elsewhere he distinctly heard him smothering a melancholy titter, under cover of a sickly cough

"Of course they got up after a while but there was no piggie to be seen or even heard, and they, therefore, set forth to look for her. Over hill and dale, through scrub and vale, they went calling, 'Piggie! Piggie!' but all in vain. After wearing out his Sunday shoes (which Joe had taken by mistake) and exhausting nearly all the endearing terms he had acquired from a recently-read sentimental novel, they turned sadly towards their respective homes, about midnight, sadder but not wiser men

"Reaching his own door—at the unhallowed hour of midnight—Sombre Hugh pushed it open, and had just closed it softly behind him when such a hair-raising din began inside, as to make him think he had opened the portals of a monster bedlam, instead of his own humble door. All the pots and pans seemed endowed with life, and everything appeared to be grunting and hissing till poor Hugh thought the world was surely coming to an end. Hearing the old tin pail coming at him bounding across the floor in that terrible darkness, he bent down with a yell, and grasped a pair of hairy legs. 'God save us!' muttered Hugh, as his hands slipped to their ends. 'There's cloven hoofs on 'em; it's surely the old boy himself!' But the legs putting forth all the strength behind them in one tremendous jerk, left Hugh sprawling on the floor, in which humble posture his reason asserted itself

"'What a fool I was to be almost scared to death at Joe's pig,' he said aloud, and he lit the little lamp and looked around, but there was no pig to be seen

"Sombre Hugh felt things crawling along his spine, as he thought of witches, and ghosts, and such grewsome midnight visitors. 'Good Lord!' he ejaculated—as he sat weakly on the stretcher—'has it gone out through the key hole!' But, no, the stretcher began to move, and Hugh, jumping up as if he had been shot, saw that it was indeed the pig

"In a minute Hugh was transformed, and leaving the pig a prisoner, he went out, and tired as he was, went to work in the bluff behind the shanty with axe and saw, and soon had a stout pen built—an old-fashioned pen this time—for her reception. Hugh had no difficulty in enticing her to the pen, by scratching her with one hand, while he held a piece of toast under her nose with the other She stretched herself with a grunt of satisfaction on her new bed, while Hugh [illegible] broad grin on his face, began to paint her black. She also agreed with a sleepy grunt, when Hugh, after finishing his contract, said: 'Now, your own ma wouldn't know you—but what about that bob-tail of yours! I never thought of that. But ah! I have it!' With these words he went and cut some six inches off his old raw-hide whip and spliced it to the bob-tail, with an expert hand.

'[illegible] Joe Dickling to see his new pet, but of course she couldn't compare in any

way with the lost bob-tail. 'Only,' added Joe, with a sigh, 'her grunt reminds me of my poor lost one though not at all so clear as poor bob-tail's.'

"For two months Hugh fed her on the fat of the land, and during that time he sympathized deeply with Joe whenever that gentleman alluded to his long lost porker.

"Winter came, and Joe and Hugh's toboggan—or stone-boat slide—was in prime condition. So was Hugh's pet, and the day came when she had to bid farewell to boiled wheat and mashed bran, and everything she held dear on earth.

"On that day Joe received a letter (written by Hugh with his left hand), pretending to be from his long lost pig. This unnatural epistle told him that she was in good shape, though as dead as a herring. 'I am coming home,' it said, 'at eight o'clock to-night, and be sure and have the frying-pan ready, and don't forget to give my old friend Sombre Hugh—(who never made a joke) my regards and a good generous slice of my best bacon, whenever he calls.'

"When the pig was frozen stiff so that she could stand like life, Hugh put her on the stone-boat on the slide under the window. He then attached a piece of clothes line to the sled behind, put it through the window, and across the table, and then tied it to the leg of the stove. He then lit a piece of candle and set it on the table by the cord, and he calculated that in a quarter of an hour it would burn so low that the flame would burn the cord and let the stone-boat free to shoot down the hill to Joe's door.

"When this was accomplished to his liking, he walked down to his friend's, looking as glum as ever. He found Joe with the letter in his hand and a half-hopeful, half-frightened look on his round face. He gave the letter to his solemn friend, saying: 'Of course, I don't believe it. It's some boy's trick—why it's three minutes to eight now. I'll go out and feed the oxen, while you are reading that thing.'

"He opened the door and was about to step out, when he heard something coming down the hill, and in a twinkling the long lost pig, bob-tail and all confronted him, in the arc of light at the door.

"Well, when Joe found out the whole story he laughed so much over Sombre Hugh's trick that he had to bandage his jaws

"There, boys, there's the thresher's whistle. [Every man to his place!"

SERENADE

BY JANE ROTHWELL

THE lilies are sweet in thy garden, lady,
The murmuring house tops are still.
A window looks down on thy garden lady,
Cloud shadows cover the hill;
Ah, the lilies are sweet in thy garden lady

WESTWARD BOUND IN '79

BY FANNIE CLARK CLENCH

PART ONE

I WAS one of a large family, a child eleven years old, when my father decided to sell his farm in dear old Essex, Ontario, and seek a new home in far-off Manitoba. A married son and two neighbors, who had also determined to find new homes in the great West, decided to accompany him

So behold us at the hour of midnight, in the stillness of a lovely June night driving out the old lane, shadowed by cherry and apple trees, through the big gate and over the bridge. Our white covered wagons the only moving objects, the sound of our wheels the only noise that breaks the summer silence. I fancy father's and mother's faces must have been a shade paler (I could hear my sister Clara crying softly) as we rolled slowly past the old familiar places where loving voices and faces had greeted us for so many years; past the dear grandfather's place where we children had been so often petted and feasted. That was the hardest part, and it was well that father had decided to pass quietly by while night's curtain was closely drawn and the old home veiled in shadow. I was too young to realize at that time all the pain of parting that fell to the lot of the older ones, but I keenly felt the sorrow of leaving behind one of my sisters who was to remain in Ontario until such a time as we could send for her.

She had been the ringleader in whatever mischief was afoot. I remember one incident, which has no place here except that it had a Manitoba sequel. Our home was always the headquarters for all the ministers, and we generally had either the school teacher or the minister boarding with us. This time it was a student who was preparing for the ministry. He was red-headed, freckled and stuttered, and of all of the candidates for the ministry we thought him the most unpromising. When father and mother were there, of course, his life was most peaceful and uninteresting, but sometimes it happened they both had to be away together, and then he would find water in the bottom of his top boots, his sermons (he had almost a barrelful) waiting for a match in the stove; and one never-to-be-forgotten day when he asked mother if I could go into the parlor and hear his grammar lesson, she consented and I went The other two girls, on mischief bent, not hearing any noise in the room (he had just happened to ask me if I said my prayers every night, and that not being in the grammar lesson, I took my own time about answering), the girls began wondering what we were doing. Then one dared the other to get on her knees and look through the keyhole and see. Of course, it was the mischief-loving younger one who proposed it, and the elder one, not stopping to think, immediately dropped on [illegible] knees with her hands upon the door and proceeded to apply her eye to the keyhole, whereupon the other softly turned the knob and in came Clara sprawling on her hands and knees, to her unbounded astonishment, my consternation and the minister's great delight. He simply roared with enjoyment, pounding his knees with his fists till the tears streamed down his face Needless to say, Clara had her revenge when she caught the culprit, who had discreetly fled. It is not many [illegible] since the same minister, turned farmer, found us out in Manitoba, where he had also made a home for himself, and made the delightful proposal that one of us (it did not matter which) would marry him, as he had fallen in love with the whole family!

The party that started for the West that night consisted of twenty people, the youngest being a baby seven months old. We had five covered wagons. Crossing the Detroit River at Detroit, our first camping place was on the River Rouge, and very pleasant memories have I of that first camping out experience; of the sleeping with no roof but the sky studded with twinkling stars, the hearing the wind in the grass at one's feet and the knowing that all around was space and nature's silences, which occasionally the tramp of the horses restlessly moving about broke into, only to close more wonderfully when they were quiet again.

We had not been long in possession before a portly old gentleman, taking us for gypsies, came to order us off, but seeing we did not belong to that objectionable tribe, he became quite amiable and had a pleasant little chat.

Soon camp fires were blazing, dishes were rattling, tents were being erected, and our camping ground presented a picturesque and busy appearance. After the evening meal we all gathered around one common fire, where talk and story passed the hours all too quickly until bed time.

Then came the never-to-be-forgotten experience of our first great storm. Seeing it coming we drew up in the shelter of some trees to obtain what protection we could, but how it blew, while flashes of lightning and incessant and deafening peals of thunder shook the earth! We pulled the curtains of the wagons as close as possible and then waited with what patience we could until we were able to proceed on our journey.

To avoid crossing Lake Michigan, we were obliged to go through a corner of Indiana and Illinois. In going through busy Chicago, one of our teamsters came into collison with another one, and while waiting for damages to be ascertained, another was made the victim of one of Chicago's smart men to the amount of five dollars. We made it a point to never camp within a mile or so of any town or city, feeling it safer for many reasons, and between Chicago and our camping place that night we added an additional mile.

It was in Wisconsin we had our first accident. It was getting near camping time so some of the younger men had gone ahead to look for water, thus leaving us short of drivers. While the roads were good this did not matter, and all went well until we came to a hill which, while easy at the top, at the bottom was both steep and sidling. It so happened that when the second team started down the hill there was no one in the wagon excepting two little brothers, six and four years old. Father, who had driven the first wagon down, seeing what a bad hill it was came back, expecting to meet it at the top of the hill, but instead met it about halfway down. He could not get in but took hold of the horse nearest to him, hoping to hold her in and guide them down that way. There being no one in the wagon who could hold them back, [illegible] angry at being checked, the one father was leading started to strike at him. He jerked her head back, and she threw herself over the tongue, which, being a cross-grained affair, broke. Father could do nothing with them now, but he held on until they knocked him down, ran over him, and went tearing down the hill to a curve where over they went, about six feet straight down, the wagon landing on its top. The horses, subdued by their tumble, stood trembling. We, who had been spectators of the accident from the top of the hill now came running down, and after helping father to his feet hurried down the hill, where a sickening sight met our eyes.

The four wheels of the wagon were sticking straight up in the air! The boys were down somewhere underneath it, while from under the side came something trickling dark and red! Our cries of grief and horror soon brought the rest running to our assistance, and they hastily commenced searching for the children. Hardly had they begun when the eldest boy made his appearance, emerging from under the debris at the front, but there was no sign or sound of the other one until, after moving almost everything, they came upon him safe and sound. He had not yet recovered from the surprise of

taking such a sudden tumble and looked wonderingly around as he was pulled from the wreck, seemingly none the worse for his fall and rather pleased by the adventure. What we had taken for blood turned out to be a smashed crock of currant jelly. A great many things were so badly broken that they had to be abandoned and a blacksmith had to be found to mend the wagon, so it was some time before we were ready to make another start.

Our next state was Minnesota, then through Dakota without further mishap, and we arrived at last at Emerson, situated on the boundary line. Here we were joined by Mr. Arnold, Captain McIntosh and Dr. Carscaddon. Mr. Arnold had come from Turtle Mountain where he, with my father, had homesteaded the previous year

The doctor and captain were intending to go farther west, so decided to join our company. The captain was trying to train a cow Mr. Arnold had bought to travel in a Red River cart. It was most amusing to witness the proceeding. The captain could not understand why a cow should not travel in a cart as well as a horse. He had the cow, he could not get a horse; therefore, he argued that the cow must go in the place where the horse ought to be. But the cow was obdurate [illegible] all entreaties. To the [illegible] command of "Now, heave ahead," she would promptly heave behind, with the result that two or three times she narrowly missed going into the Red River, cart and all. After one particularly narrow escape, the captain reluctantly abandoned the effort and accepted Mr. Arnold's offer of a mule. But the poor man's troubles were not over. This animal, not to be outdone by a cow, took full advantage of the captain's ignorance and led him a daily dance in his effort to get the beast hitched up without either the cart or himself being demolished. One day, on coming to a nasty-looking creek which had to be crossed, his muleship stubbornly refused to proceed. The captain, whose equipage usually led the cavalcade, tried entreaty, then persuasion with a good stout stick, all in vain, the mule remained firm. The captain procured a sharp stick and tried prodding, when up went the mule's head in astonishment—up also went his heels so quickly that the captain, who had been perched on the top bag of the narrow cart load, in trying to get his heels out of reach of the mule's, lost his balance and only saved himself from tumbling off the cart headfirst by frantically gripping the bags on both sides. He presented the appearance of standing on his head, his legs, clad in wide sailor trousers, which had fallen down from them, wildly waving in the air. The mule was careering about while at every jolt the captain would wail beseeching, "Won't somebody catch this mule?" There was some danger of his going over the bank in his panic while the onlookers were almost helpless with laughter. However, they took pity on him as soon as they could, and after getting the mule quieted down, helped the captain from his perilous position. He was pretty well shaken up, but joined in the laugh with the rest as he realized the comical figure he had cut.

On reaching Turtle Mountain, father found that Mr. Arnold intended to go up to the McLeod country, and decided to go, too. So, with the addition of another wagon, a cart and some cows, off we set again for the foothills of the Rockies

On reaching the Souris River we found the only means of crossing to be a hollowed out log that the Indians had been using. This we turned into a ferry by tying a rope to each end, and in this way conveyed ourselves and our goods across The wagons were towed across the same way, while the stock had to swim. The river here was about six feet deep; one boatload upset and part of a sewing machine was lost. Along the bank of the Souris we found some wild plums which gave variety to our bill of fare for that day.

We were now getting into the bufialo country and a sharp lookout was kept for any that might chance to come our way; consequently, there was great excitement when a herd was reported quietly feeding within a reasonable distance. A halt was made at once, horses unharnessed, guns got ready and

every one who could get a horse to ride was off in a hurry, while the others followed on foot. They all came back about three o'clock in the afternoon and reported having had a very exciting time. After a hard ride they had succeeded in killing one, so after a hasty meal we moved camp for the night over to the dead buffalo. I had been prepared to see a large animal, but was astonished at the bulk of this huge creature. We congratulated ourselves on securing the skin, but were disappointed in the meat. It was so very tough that we came to the conclusion that he must have been a very old inhabitant of the prairie.

While going down one of the ravines I had quite a tumble. My brother was driving, and while looking back to see how the others were crossing, drove right on to a big stone. I was sitting at the back of the wagon with the baby when the wagon hit the stone, and suddenly I found myself flying out of the back with a gun box following me. I had sense enough to give the baby a push to one side as I felt myself going through the curtains, and as I hit the ground, shouted, "Look out for the baby"; but someone had already done this. My brother came in for a good deal of chaffing on account of his driving, which he took in good part, and joined in the laugh at my sudden downfall, of which he was ignorant until I overtook them with the request that someone should go back and pick up the gun box.

Soon after this, another buffalo hunt was organized, and this time the girls thought they would join the sport. So they started off laughingly remarking that should the buffalo come their way they would head him off. It was a pretty place, hills, valleys and lakes, and while going through one of these valleys, what was their surprise to see a large fierce-looking buffalo coming full sail towards them. Did they run? Yes, indeed; for a second only they hesitated, and then ignominiously fled. The hunters had separated him from the rest of the herd and were not far behind, but their horses were not fleet enough to keep up to him and their shots had no effect so, much to their disappointment, he succeeded in getting away.

A few days later we arrived at Wood Mountain, where the police under Major Walsh gave us a warm welcome and a serenade. Our arrival was quite an event as we were the first white families who had ever traveled through that part. They invited us over to the barracks in the evening, where those who went had a very pleasant time. I remember my chagrin because I was considered too young. There were a great many Indians here, half-naked, dirty-looking Sioux, who were just out from the States, where they had taken part in the Custer massacre. Sitting Bull we found to be a very common uninteresting Indian who could not or would not speak a word of French or English. His wife seemed bright and intelligent, also his brother-in-law. They arrived at our camping place just at the dinner hour, so we had the honor of their company, if honor it was.

The people at Wood Mountain had been anxiously looking for a bull train from Benton, Montana, which had been delayed on account of high water, consequently their supplies were getting short. The day after we arrived a policeman brought in word that it was in sight, so we were on the lookout. Presently a long dark object came into sight around one of the hills, followed by others of the same description, which on coming nearer proved to be twelve yoke of oxen hitched to three covered freighter's wagons all coupled together. These were followed by other cattle and wagons, amounting altogether to ninety-six oxen and twenty-four wagons in sections of three. There was one driver on horseback for every section besides a night herder and boss. The tremendous whips they carried were no small part of this procession, and the way they made them crack was awe inspiring, especially to the cattle.

These trains were all the forts had to depend on for supplies, so they were always a welcome sight. Sometimes when they were delayed, and provisions became scarce, flour would sell as high

as twenty dollars per sack, while the poor Indians had to pay most extravagant [illegible]

As this supply train was to return in our direction almost to Cypress, our next stopping and supply place, and as they offered to take some of our loads in their empty wagons, we decided to wait for them We were glad to have them with us, as we were in nightly fear of having our horses stampeded and run off by the Indians, a great many of them being on foot and in need of horses

Those nightly vigils around the camp fire are a vivid memory to me to-day A dozen times in the night we would imagine dusky shadows creeping around the hills, and the cold chills came over us as we fancied them coming nearer and nearer. Our first real stampede happened at Cypress, when we were camped on a hill in the midst of a thick brush Some of the party had gone to bed, and others were getting ready when there came a sudden rattle and crash, then a distant sound of thunder, rapidly dying away It took but a minute to comprehend what had happened; our horses had bolted! There was no time for shoes or hats. Out every masculine member of the party started just as he was, for should our horses get away, Catastrophe in big letters shone before our eyes. I said the masculine members of the party had gone, but the feminine portion were not far behind them, that is, the majority I was one of the unfortunates who had to stay at the camp with the younger children. How my imagination called up grizzly bears, Indians and [illegible] there in the darkness! I tried to keep my younger brother awake, but alas, no, he absolutely refused to be frightened, though I tried my best with a zeal [illegible] appreciated. Grizzly bears had no terrors for him, as his snores loudly proclaimed. I waited alone there in the darkness, waited and listened! Presently, a new [illegible] exceedingly dark, how could they ever find their way back to the camp if they did get their horses? Ah! now I know what my mother meant by lighting that torch; what but to guide them back to [illegible] the thought. Bye and bye my attention is called to a distant sound of trampling coming nearer and nearer, and I feel my hair beginning to rise; my grizzly is coming! I lift my club preparing to defend myself to the last, when, Oh joy! it is the welcome sound of a human voice I hear, and I know by the tone and the [illegible] found and brought back. My brother had overtaken them after a run of about three miles, but as he had gone barefooted he did considerable limping for the next few days. This happened in [illegible] we never found out.

(To be Concluded in the October Number)

A MODERN ANANIAS

BY J. J. ARMSTRONG

I HAD occasion to visit the Canadian West a couple of years ago, to inspect some land our company had purchased, and had for a guide one of the pioneers of '82, and a character noted on account of his elastic tongue

Passing through a magnificent part of the country, well-tilled and showing undoubted prosperity, my companion, pointing with his whip, exclaimed:

"I uster own that section thar. Bill Mullen owned this next to it. They was six of us came out here in '82, from the same place, took up a homestead and pre-emption, and bought a half.

"Times wasn't very good, so we jest sat and watched her grow up with weeds and return to prairie agin, and we hiked away to town, preferrin' to dwell in the midst of alarms than reign in this toilsome place."

"Do you still hold the deed?" I ventured.

"Nope; sold for five an acre, two years back."

"What!" I exclaimed, in astonishment. "Sold land like that for five dollars an acre! Why, man, it's worth four times that amount at a forced sale any day."

"Oh, yes, I know that now, but it's too late."

"Who purchased it?" I asked.

"A rubber-tongued pill-peddler from Iway. Dr. Jacobs, they calls him, but Judas Ananias, M. D., is his real title. He dropped in amongst us like a chinook after a blizzard, one evenin' at the eatin' house. We was all at supper when in comes his medicineship, and takes a chair at our table with a 'I'd-like-to-be-friendly-grin,' [illegible] his physiog

"The boys was busy lyin' to each other about shootin' chickens, geese, and other man-eatin' mammals of the fur trade, when the medico lays down his eatin' tools, and, surveyin' the out[illegible] Won't you come to my Sunday-School' air, says: 'Talkin' about shootin' reminds me of the first time I came to Canada. It was down in Southern Manitoba, and the landlord of the hotel invited me and eight others to go out to the lake goose shootin'. Well, sir, I've seen geese, I've heard fellers talk of geese, and I've read of geese, but search me if ever I saw sich a sight. Why, they was millions of 'em, and, after we'd shot enough to fill the spring wagon we started for home, but the know-nuthin' geese was a-circlin' and fluttern' eround in sich a mass that the sun was hid; we couldn't see each other, and had to keep shoutin' so's we wouldn't separate.'

" 'Well,' says he, 'it got so dark I didn't know where I was walkin' and kept trippin' over snags. At last I fell down, and say, my blood chills with the thought, the geese was so thick on the lake that I'd been walkin' over 'em, perhaps for miles.'

" 'Oh,' says he, 'if those geese had taken a notion to fly, nothin' would have saved me from a watery grave, but, by shoutin' to the rest as a guide to land, and steppin' on the strongest geese I was once more on terror-firmer.'

" 'I proposed,' says he, 'to sit down and rest until the pesky things settled down, but the joint-keeper says they ain't no use, that these geese as is flyin' is a new contingent, from the south, jest comin' in, and he'd known 'em to fly like that for weeks. 'No,' says he, 'the only hope there be, is, to all keep firing' in the one spot, until we can make a hole in 'em.'

" 'Well, sir, we started firin' an' firin' for a hour and a half, and then we made a hole in the flock big enough to locate the sun, and give us a glimpse at our watches to see the time of day.'

" 'After we saw the sun we got our

bearin's, and arrived home jist as a search-party with lanterns was startin' out to locate us.'

"Say, muster, after that yarn, none of us et our dessert but the dope-dispenser, hisself, and he finished his'n and left the table with an 'I-did it-with-my-little hatchet' air

"The boys kinder fought shy of him for a few days, but he had sich a confidin' way with him that they was soon hangin' eround afeard of losin' one of his gems of thought

"Another time, we was all a-settin' on the edge of the sidewalk, sunnin' ourselves and cursin' the onequal division of the world's wealth, when Liniment arrived on the scene, as usual.

"'Say, you fellers,' says he, 'why don't you raise more poultry in this country? The storekeeper was jist tellin' me that seven-eights of the poultry et in Winnipeg is imported from Eastern Canada and the States.'

"'Why,' says he, 'with all these wheat screenin's goin' to waste, it's a shame'

"'Poultry's alright,' says Bill Macoun, 'but it's a lot of hard work pluckin' 'em!'

"'Hard work,' says he. 'Hard work nothin! It's dead easy when you get used to it. Why, I know an old chicken farmer down in Iway, and a feller bet me he could kill and pluck a chicken in an echo.'

"'In an echo!' we exclaimed; 'wha' chu mean by an echo?'

"'Well,' he says, 'on the old man's farm was two barns, and they was built in sich a way as to cause a echo. So, when I bet that feller the old man couldn't do it, we drove out to decide the bet. We explained to the old man, and he caught a hen, let her squawk three times, then killed and plucked her and, a second later, we heard the echo say "squawk, squ-awk, sq-u-awk".

"'That's straight, gentlemen,' he says, 'er I wouldn't tell it.'"

"What did you fellows say when he told you that?" I asked.

"Nothin' whatever, jest sighed."

"Another time, when we was brandin' calves for old man Mullen, he fluttered into our midst. We didn't have a proper brandin' chute, and we was jest ropin' 'em and hog-tyin' 'em while the irons het

"He watched us fer a while, and says he, 'You fellers ain't as expert with the cord as us fellers on the other side Why,' says he, 'one time down in Iway a elephant got loose from the circus, yes, sir, the biggest elephant in captivity, so the bills said, but none of the circus men could catch him, so my brother offered his services, as he was by. He told 'em our father was dyin' and he was goin' for a doctor, but he'd ketch that Asiatic calf if they wanted him to.'

"'The show boss says, "Catch him fer us before this time next week and you'll be a hundred bucks the richer."'

"'My brother,' says he, 'alwa[illegible] carried his lariat even when he w[illegible] goin' fer a doctor. So he jest uncoiled it, and made a dash fer that In[illegible] rubber critter, threw the rope over his horns, and, in one minute and five seconds, had him hog-tied, and, hitchin' the rope to the pommel of his stock saddle, dragged him back to the cir[illegible]'

"Didn't some of you tell him he lied?" I asked

"Nope, only I thought I heard [illegible] man Mullen murmur, 'From all acc[illegible] dents by earthquake, fire and fl[illegible] good Lord deliver us'

"Another day, as we was a-sittin' in the shade of the depot, chewin' the rag about the amount each one of us would have if the world's wealth was divided, Physic loomed on the scene.

"'Say, you fellers,' says he, 'you'll never make the grade sittin' in the shade talkin' about it. Why ain't you up and doin'? Why,' says he, 'I know three fellers on the other side, and they [illegible] land just prairie land [illegible] and they up and sold it for five dollars an acre, took the money and built some houses in town, rented 'em at a big figure, and, at the end of the year, bought four more with the profits, and the next year bought eight, and so on till they owned the bank, town hall, opera house; in fact, the whole town'

"'With the rent of the town in two years they bought the county, and, I guess, by now they own the state, for.'

says he, 'they'd made an offer for the government buildings afore I left Why don't you sell that land of your'n, and branch out?' he says.

"'Well,' says I, 'if we could get a buyer we would try that scheme, but we ain't got no buyers.'

"Well, sir, he stood up with a baby stare that would melt the heart of a railway magnate, and, says he: 'I believe I'll help you fellers out fer you seem energetic, and I believe all you need is a start in the right direction, and y'll be multiplied millionaires in a year or two. I'll buy your land,' says he, 'and give you five an acre for it. I can afford to hold it fer my heirs, and no doubt by that time they'll be able to sell it and receive back that amount. As for the interest, I'm willin' to lose it, pervidin' you fellers gets a square deal on your enterprise.'

"Next day we made out the deeds to Doc, and then he walked over to the station and sent a telegraft to some [illegible], and, two weeks later, [illegible] for twenty-two-fifty per [illegible]."

"What did you fellows do then?" I asked

"Nothin', jest sighed and took our medicine"

AMONG THE WHEAT

BY BLANCHE E. HOLT MURISON

HAVE you ever watched the rain among the Wheat,
On the Prairies of the Great Northwest?
Have you ever watched the silver arrows beat
On the bosom of the wide earth's breast?
Bending low before the onset how it shrinks
Yet how bravely lifts each tall green stem,
While the thirsty soil the precious vintage drinks,
And the spangled drops, the full ears gem

Have you ever heard the wind among the Wheat,
On the Prairies of the Great Northwest?
Making music that is tremulous and sweet
Far too lovely to be all-expressed.
Low andantes that no ear has ever caught
Swift crescendos of a strange wild theme;
Subtle harmonies of golden chords in weft wrought
With the glamor of a vague, glad dream.

Have you ever watched the sun among the Wheat,
On the Prairies of the Great Northwest?
Where the sunset and the twilight shadows meet,
On the dim horizon's dusk-crowned crest.
Neath the glory of the flaming banners bright,
All the hungry wail of Want is stilled;
And the air grows full of laughter and delight,
In the promise of a hope fulfilled.

THE GARDEN

BY DOROTHY GREEN

A GARDEN lieth hidden
Close-walled by lichened stone;
None enter there unbidden—
It knoweth well its own.
The breezes, idle vagrants,
Light through the branches blow,
And brush a tangled fragrance
From all the flowers below.

And the sunlight sleepeth
In the garden, in the garden;
And the time slow creepeth,
For the princess cometh not.
But the sundial seemeth
Like a changeless, patient warden,
And the whole place dreameth
Of the princess unforgot.

Long years ago she left it,
The princess fair and blest;
A stranger hand had reft it
Of her it loved the best.
But naught its love abateth;
Unchanged, unseen of men,
The silent garden waiteth
Till she shall come again.

Still the sunlight sleepeth
In the garden, in the garden,
And the time slow creepeth,
For the princess cometh not;
But the sun-dial seemeth
Like a changeless, patient warden,
And the whole place dreameth
Of the princess unforgot.

THE HUNTERS

BY W. R. HOLT

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PHOTOGRAPH

"NO, SIR; Fenimore Cooper was an eloquent writer, but his noble redskin was not the kind of person that I remember, and I lived amongst Indians for twenty years of my life."

We were touring through Ontario, to see something of its timber, its agriculture, and its mines, and a happy fate put me at dinner next to Mr. Lennon, a trader, of Sudbury, who spent the early days of his venturesome life in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. In his time he was at eight or nine posts in the wild and woody north, buying skins from the trappers and hunters for transhipment to London. His first charge was on Lake Temagami, and there, with a Highland attendant and an Indian servant, he camped for years in the territory of the Algonquins. I was curious to know how the Indians looked to the naked eye, without the warpaint and feathers of romance, and Mr. Lennon was good enough to tell me.

A grim, taciturn person the Indian appears to have been; marvellously skilful in the hunt, but a trifle lazy, leaving all the hard work to the squaws; and cold and ungenerous. Here and there one was discovered who became a good friend, but, as a rule, the Indian was frigidly indifferent to the personal concerns of his master, would dart off like a shot when the woods began to call him, and did not care two straws whether he ever saw his master again. War being denied him, the chase was the passion of his life, and he had refined it to the subtlety of an art.

"There remains in my mind," said the director of the trappers, "a picture very typical of the times. In those days the free traders, as we called them, [illegible] trying to buy up skins under our noses. The Indian did not mind, of course. He was always willing to sell to anybody, providing the price was good and the sale entailed no trouble to himself. We had to go out looking for the big hunters to get in first. There was a fellow named Mukakos, otherwise 'The Keg,' who was the best hunter I ever knew. One winter I followed him for days, in snowshoes, to get his furs. It was the middle of the night, and bright moonlight, when I crossed a low hill and came to the shore of a lake. The snow and the birches shone like silver, and the balsams were a vivid green. On the shore was a painted wigwam, and in front of it stood Mukakos, his wife, his two children and three dogs. The squaw held a blazing bark flambeau over her head. Mukakos, peering into a hole in the ice, was shouting 'Kustcha, Kustcha!' which means 'Catch him!' to his dog. I stopped where I was, bewitched by the picture. Then Mukakos's arm shot into the water. He dragged out two beavers, and the hunt was over. His stock was eighty beaver skins, six bear skins, twenty mink skins, and four otters, and I took them all. Some were useless, for it was hard to persuade the Indian not to catch out of season; but, all the same, the haul was a good one.

"To my mind beaver-catching is the finest sport on earth. It is done in winter, for summer skins are useless. You look about for a small lake with a [illegible] outlet, you may find a beaver [illegible] shaped like a haycock, and [illegible] built of wood and mud. Being a clean and tidy beaver will only build near a stream, so that the refuse and waste wood he feeds only on bark— will be carrie

away from the neighborhood of his house. Across the stream he builds a dam to regulate the height of water in the lake, so that when the frost comes the entrance to his house will be under water, and not blocked up by ice. He is a tender creature, and does not like cold. In case his house is destroyed he cuts about half a dozen tunnels of refuge from the borders of the lake. In each colony there may be half a dozen beavers. The father and mother occupy the lower floor of the house; the young ones are in the upper storey. Touch the dam and the beavers become alarmed immediately

"The first thing we do, on finding the settlement, is to smash the house with axes At the first blow the beavers disappear, and swim under the ice. Their only refuge is the tunnels, and it is then that the finesse of the game begins. Our apparatus is an ice-chisel, a crescent stick, and an Indian dog. We tap the edge of the ice with the chisel, and where it sounds hollow there is a tunnel. We break the ice, feel for the walls of the tunnel with the crescent stick, and having found them set a piece of brushwood at the mouth of the opening, and dam the escape to the lake. The moment the brushwood is shifted we know that the beaver is in We put the dog on the trail, and he scents the animal through the snow and earth, and sits down above him. An Indian taps on the surface. The frightened animal darts for the water, and an Indian catches him with his hand, taking care to grip one of the hind legs. He cracks the head with the tomahawk—and then we go on to another tunnel. The expert can tell what bark the beaver has been feeding on by the flavor of the meat. Occasionally we trap the beaver by setting a baited trap in the water before his house, taking care that the bait is a delicate bark which does not grow in the neighborhood of the house; but trenching is the better sport.

"Bears? Oh, we caught the black bear either with a snare or a deadfall. That is comparatively easy. After his winter hibernation the black bear seeks the streams where the 'suckers' go up to spawn. He steps into the river and throws the fish ashore, to let it become nice and ripe before he eats it. His runway, or trail, becomes as well marked as the King's highway, and along that we lay a snare, weighted with heavy logs, and furnished with a hidden noose, which catches the animal by the neck and suffocates him. Once I saw a bear which had been caught in the middle of the body; the skin was cut right in two.

"It is only during the rutting season about June, that the bear is dangerous to man. Mukakos, the great hunter, once told me of a remarkable sight he saw in that month. Coming up to the post in his canoe, he heard a great roaring and snarling, and creeping up a mound he saw thirteen bears engaged in a battle royal on the other side—the males fighting for the females. 'Why didn't you shoot one?' I asked. 'Oh, no,' he said. 'I didn't want to let them know I was there.' That is typical of the Indian. He does not take unnecessary risks in the hunt. Mukakos would have been sure of a bear, but the other bears would have been sure of him.

"Give him a fair chance, and the Indian fears nothing. I once had a squaw in my service—a big, raw-boned woman, as strong as a moose. One day she was walking along in her snowshoes, when her small boy saw a bear curled up under the snow in his winter sleep. She could not kill him where she was, so she lashed a pair of scissors to a sapling, prodded him out, and smashed his head in with her tomahawk as he emerged. I gave her ten dollars for the skin, so it was not a bad morning's work. Another ingenious piece of hunting that I remember was accomplished by an Indian who found two moose in a 'yard'—that is, the snow-clearing which the animals make when the frosts are breaking up, and the snow is too sharp and brittle for their comfort. He rose up and got the female with his tomahawk. The male was driven to fury, and it was unsafe to approach him. The stroke of a bullet would have put him out of business in close order. Having no gun, the Indian improvised a bow and arrow from the trees, stuck his sharp knife into

the point of the arrow, made a bowstring with the laces of his moccasins, and shot the beast through the heart

"In one respect the skill of the Indian has not been exaggerated. His woodcraft is marvellous. Set an Englishman in a virgin forest, and he is lost Put an Indian there, and he takes the straight, easy path. By day he seems to trust to instinct the set of the foliage and the distribution of the moss give him the points of the compas By night he reads the stars He knows every trail there is, he knows the habits of the beasts and the birds and he can imitate their calls with perfect exactitude. I have seen him make a sort of megaphone out of birch bark, climb a tree, imitate the cry of a moose in the rutting season, and shoot the animals as they came up to answer the call

"Out in Labrador, on the borderland of the Esquimaux country, the Indians are as yet uncontaminated by white men, and are still mighty hunters Every August they leave for the tablelands, taking ammunition and food with them. As they penetrate the forest they hang small bags of flour on the trees, to keep them alive on the way back, in case fresh food fails. Their first business is to track the reindeer, to lay up a store of meat for the winter and also, of course, for the sake of the skins, which feel like velvet when properly dressed by an Indian. Then they trap the marten, whose skin is almost as valuable as a Russian sable, and when the hunt is over they come back laden with precious skins, which go to London to be sold

Thirty years ago I remember a sale of buffalo skins in Montreal which produced £11,000. There are no buffaloes now, except for the small herd preserved by the Canadian Government. The buffalo has gone, and the redskin is going. By the natural degeneration of inferior races, he is becoming a half-breed, with all the vices and none of the virtues of his white father and his Indian mother. And, in spite of the vast resources of our virgin forests, it has become necessary

to protect the big game of the Dominion. Where the railways go, the beasts dwindle, as the navvies shoot them, regardless of season, for fresh meat. Our forest rangers are now game wardens, invested with the powers of police magistrates, and, by restricting our shooting licenses, and instituting close seasons—even close years—when necessary, we hope to preserve the rich animal life of the country.

"On the shores of Lake Temagami I visited an Indian village. The Hudson's Bay post was at the head of the settlement: the rest of it consisted of the huts and tents of the Indians. The girls trooped down to the quay immediately the steamer was sighted, giggling with the boisterousness of a bank Holiday party. As their gestures showed, they were highly critical of the personal appearance of the visitors, but they were shy and restive when approached by the photographer of the party. With the flux of time they have nearly all become half-breeds, and they bear names which perpetuate the memory of the early Scottish settlers of the Hudson's Bay Company. A lithe young woman, whiter than many Britishers, who wore gold bracelets, a pendant gold watch, patent leather shoes, and a Peckham Rye costume, answered to the name of Finn. There were Macleans, McKenzies, Frasers and Fridays, and some of them, in the matter of costume, would have done credit to an Eastertide excursion to Brighton. Yet the men, in spite of their European cloth trousers, retain their old skill in the hunt, and it is to the half-bred Indian of Temagami that the sportsman still turns when he wants to go out into the virgin forest on the trail of the bear, the beaver, and the moose, and it is from the Macleans and the McKenzies that the Hudson's Bay factor still obtains his richest spoils of fur."

OUT OF THE SEA

BY ELIZABETH MUNGOR

SOMETIMES blue at the foot of the cliffs,
Sometimes green neath the red sailed skiffs
Sometimes gray in the offing, lies
The opaline sea under smiling skies.

With the setting sun the glories die
Out of the sea and out of the sky,—
A gleam of light—then grayness falls;
And the troubled sea sends hurrying calls.

Not sky, nor sea, nor heart, nor wave
Can ever the gleam of dear love save;
For the sea sinks back and love will die,
And the light will fade from heart and sky.

THE RIGHT ANGLE

MR. HOUGH *IS* A YANKEE

LIKE [illegible] comes a letter from an esteemed Mr. Dean, of Halifax, Nova Scotia Mr. J. M. Dean —who reads us a lesson in loyalty, being moved thereto by our announcement of Mr. Hough's "The Sowing." This announcement was made in our July number, and the ink of it could not have been much more than dry before Mr. Dean got his, and read it, and was wroth. "I call in question, most seriously," he says, "the propriety of a Canadian magazine lending itself to the propagation of a suggestion from a Yankee that for any reason whatsoever, or at any time Canada should be shaken in her place as an integer of the Empire," and more to that effect

Mr. Dean's view of loyalty is of the kind that puts accustomed error above the best good of the country. To be patriotic does not imply being hidebound. The best good of the Empire and all of its integers is to be served by fearless change where change is needed not by a blind continuance of policies that may be working harm. Open and frank consideration of public questions is the plain duty of all who have at heart the real interests of the Empire and all parts of the Empire, and no subject in the purview of this generation is more vital to the whole country than the one Mr. Hough has chosen for his new work Mr. Hough is a Yankee, but that has nothing to do with the [illegible] No patriotic Englishman or Canadian can afford to deny him a hearing, since the matter comes directly home to the personal interest of every individual in the land As a Yankee Mr. Hough is free to say what he likes about the Empire's duty and Canada's [illegible] as one of its integers, so long as he speaks with conviction and sincerity Nobody need fear that he is going to corrupt the loyalty or patriotism of Canada. We cannot shut the lips of an honest man to the expression of an opinion so important to our people. Therefore, Mr. Dean's question of propriety touches not us, and his accusation of a disloyal propagation falls to the ground in the face of the facts Still we thank him, for objection is an open privilege, and can result only in good, since it promotes discussion where discussion is needed

CAHOKIA

HERE in Canada, we are almost as much French as we are English. The French tongue, French customs, French laws, in short French life is as strong as it was in the days of Frontenac. In the United States, beyond the French Quarter in New Orleans and a few parishes in Louisiana, there is practically nothing that is French except a mass of names in the Mississippi Valley and a large number of persons who hardly realize whence come their dark eyes and restless intelligence.

Once the great interior of the whole continent was held by the French, whose natural characteristics seemed more fitted than those of the English to survive in the struggle for the land.

Building in Illinois

[illegible] were both brave and tactful. The French settlers combined hardihood with square dealing. But the fortune of war was with the English, especially south of the Great Lakes and from the Northwest Territory of the United States the rule of the French has faded away.

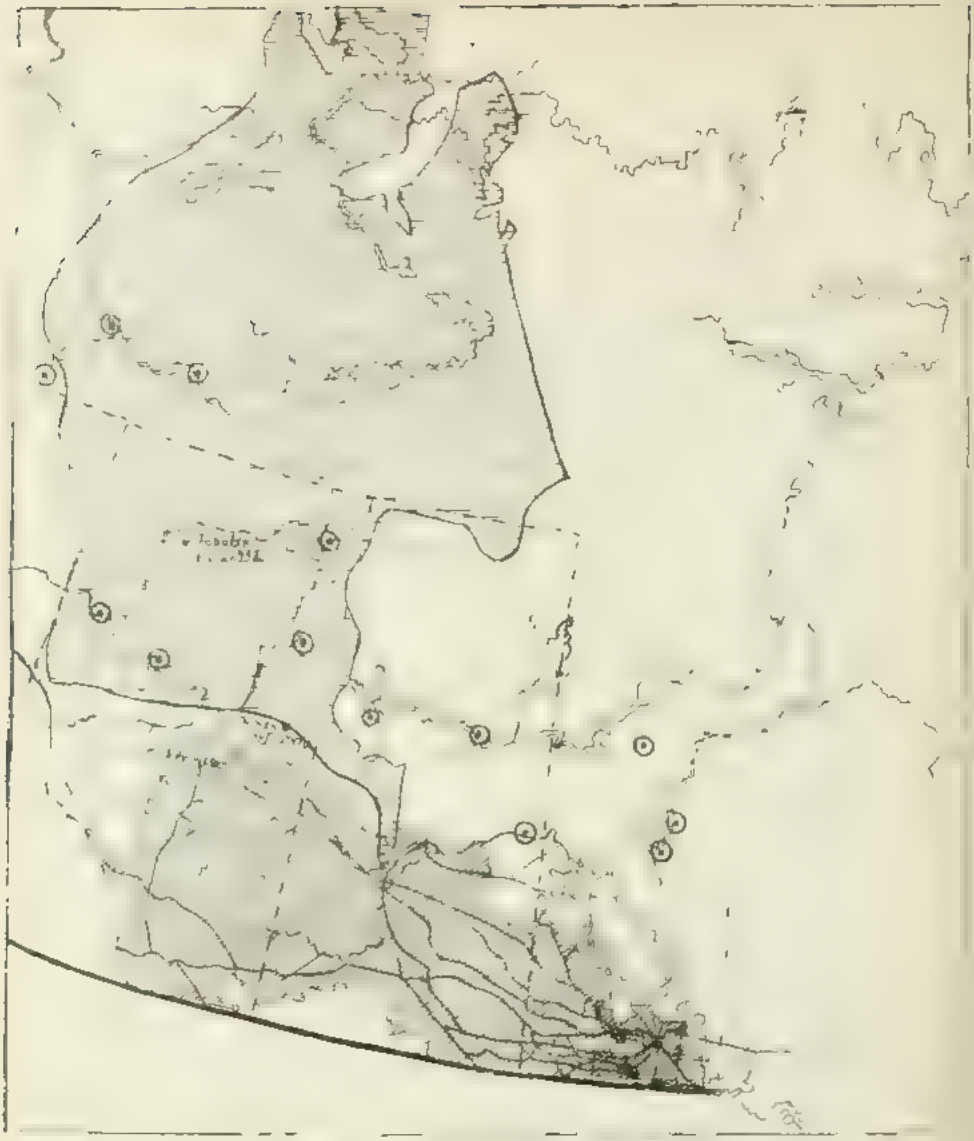
"What's in a name?" The word Cahokia looks queer and sounds queerer. Yet to Canadians who are French as well as English, the name is of interest as that of the last survival of French Empire in the State of Illinois.

In that State the only traces of their empire remain in the name of an occasional street, club, building or town—and Cahokia. Kaskaskia has succumbed to the uncertain Mississippi and Cahokia alone remains the real survival of French rule in Illinois. This village still retains the law of France in 1700, long since abandoned in France itself, just as the French Canadian still uses many of the expressions of the Norman sailor of the seventeenth century. Cahokia was established under a rule of French Government which required the village commandant to reserve a tract of land for a common field in which each inhabitant had a share according to the size of his family, and to day the common lands still belong to the village. But, sad to say, after the lapse of these many years, the village is not so prosperous as it was in the good old days when the times of sowing and reaping were subject to the enactment of the village senate. Cahokia is bankrupt. A modern court has enjoined the supervisor, George Lepcich, from collecting the rental of the lands, and a receiver has been appointed.

Illinois is the epitome of all that is "American" and new—brand new—but for that very reason the people have a great interest in old things and old customs. Two years ago the Chicago Historical Society moved the court house, the oldest public building in the State, from Cahokia, and placed it under the trees of Jackson Park, where it guards the first public documents of the French, English and United States Governments. Now the plight of Cahokia has roused public interest, and it is probable that this "leaf from a rare old book" will not be allowed to perish. The Frenchman from Canada when he is wearied and homesick in the midst of the hurly-burly of Chicago, can run down to Cahokia, and there find himself at home.

THOSE ISOTHERMAL LINES

THE accompanying map illustrates emphatically the truth that isothermal lines pay no attention to lines of latitude. The Siberian province of Tobolsk, which is shown superposed upon Canada and within its own geographical north and-south position, is seen to lie wholly north of the settled


Area Surveyed 1873
Area surveyed 1911
Province of Tobolsk
Points at which wheat has been grown north of the 60th parallel

Map of Western Canada with the Siberian Province of Tobolsk superposed in its correct degree of longitude

prairie provinces, and in 1900, the last year for which statistics are available it raised and marketed 6,480,000 bushels of wheat, 31,130,458 bushels of rye, 972,916 bushels of barley, and 10,617,823 bushels of oats. In that year also it exported $1,500,000 worth of butter.

The weather lines that sweep around the northern hemisphere swing up from the valley of the Ohio, and touch the Arctic edge of Asia, leaving the splendid reaches of the Canadian prairies away to the south, and carrying long summer days of warm and brilliant sunshine far into the Alaskan and Siberian interior. Of all that stretch of country on both sides of the Pacific the westermost Canadian provinces are the more especially favored in climate, because nothing but the Rocky range, thinner and lower there than anywhere else, lies between them and the Pacific waters with their broad warm current from the Sea of Japan, mother of the chinook winds The valley of the Peace River in Alberta has developed the greatest wheat producing power in the world, yet it lies in what used to be thought the domain of perpetual snow; and far above that are vast plains both American and Asiatic — where the wheat crop every year presents the most substantial of all possible proofs of the newly discovered fact that below the glacier line that rings the apex of the world, there is no "north."

RECOGNITION FROM AN AUTHORITY

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, who created the *National Magazine*, and by sheer force of personal genius has carried it forward to a very high prosperity, is pleased to congratulate CANADA-WEST upon its quality and popularity. "You have a first-rate magazine for the home, the office and the study," he says, "and every issue of it has a strong meaning for those who are giving thought and effort to building up your big new country. Your success has not been surprising to me, because an earnest public policy and a clean, strong literary tone will always command broad recognition for any publication; but such a perfect blending of these things is not often seen. You have honestly won your success, and you will grow with your opportunities, and up there in your broad new Canada, those opportunities are going to be greater than most of us have realized as yet."

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

SOMEHOW GOOD

MR. WILLIAM DE MORGAN began literary work late in life, but the three novels he has given to the world have placed him among the chosen few who are true interpreters. He is a literary brother of Dickens, Thackeray and George Meredith. When the reader pauses to compare him with any of his predecessors, only the greatest are called to mind. His "Alice-for-Short" and "Joseph Vance" delighted a public weary of insipid or vulgar society novels and exaggerated historical romances. His third and latest novel, "Somehow Good," makes it evident that Mr. DeMorgan has not exhausted his rich vein. He is mining the world about him. He has the seer's insight and a buoyant heart that enable him to go on producing studies from life with a fullness and truth unsurpassed by Dickens or Thackeray

"Somehow Good" is in every way a remarkable book. It is written with a purpose. The lines on the title page give the author's text. They are:

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill."

The volume is a regular "three-decker," but its length does not pall on the reader. For his purpose the author required a large canvas. The host of people in "Somehow Good" could never have moved about in a narrow world. The story demands concentration of the faculties to thoroughly enjoy it. It is not a book for idle people or idle moments. Every page throbs with life and keen observation illumines all

its chapters. It is an oddly told story The author knows this, and on one occasion makes a finely critical remark on his workmanship.

"Our story," he says ,"is like the scherzo in one respect; it has to be given in detached jerks—literary, not musical—and these jerks don't come at stated intervals at all. . . . . However, it you want to know its remaining particulars, you will have to brace yourself up to tolerating an intermittent style"

Much bracing is not needed. Few will grow impatient of the splendidly natural manner in which the souls in "Somehow Good" are made to reveal themselves; and many will turn to the book a second time to learn life from it

In his character-drawing, Mr. De-Morgan resembles Dickens; in his reflections on life he recalls Thackeray, although he never sins as does that brilliant cynic by lengthy asides with the "gentle reader." However, without being in any way an imitator, he has fallen into George Meredith's manner of workmanship, but is less obscure and more objective. Indeed he is himself always and only resembles the greatest. He is a true interpreter of life who has taken the English world about him, and by subtle analysis and wise observation made it live on the pages of his book.

WEIGA OF TEMAGAMI

CY WARMAN'S new book, "Weiga of Temagami," is a collection of tales of the great north woods, the Highlands of Ontario, and the plains of the new Canadian West. The title is taken from the leading story All the tales and the lyrics that appear with them have separately seen the light before, but in this collected form they acquire a new meaning, dealing as they do with the primitive peoples and primitive things and conditions that either have passed or are rapidly passing away The book preserves much of the Indian legend and myth that used to hover over the old wild places. We see Gitche Manitou and Nitche Manitou battling like huge phantoms for the destinies of the wild folk and their country. The stories are sympathetically told, and simply, as befits their elemental kind. Some of them are weirdly fine—such as old Monseno's account of "How God Made Temagami," and the happenings that kept Pere, the Indian, from being a Christian The name story of "Weiga" and another, "Belle of Athabaska," are fine examples of purity and simplicity in narration. The whole book is better than interesting. It is a valuable contribution to the records of a people and a time whereof too little is being preserved.

Mr. Warman's name needs no fresh introduction to Canadians. Many of the stories in this new book first appeared in CANADA-WEST, to which he is a frequent and valued contributor.

The volume is handsomely illustrated, beautifully printed and given an attractive and characteristic cover in colors

THE RED YEAR

THE Indian Mutiny has inspired many writers of tragedy and romance. The latest producer of book to be moved to use this theme is Louis Tracy. His story, "The Red Year" traces the progress of the Mutiny from its outbreak at Meerut to the second relief of Lucknow. The novel is not a great one. As a romance it is weak and it fails, when critically examined from the point of view of history. The author has gone over ground that has been ably treated by a hundred historians, but he adds nothing to it. His characters are not drawn with a pencil that makes them living realities. It would have been better had he given a brief and popular account of the important incidents of the Mutiny without resorting to romance at all. His story of the love of Frank Mayne for Winnifred Mayne is lost in a multiplicity of detail However, it may attract some readers who would not have looked into the book had it boldly announced itself as history. After reading this romance with the interludes carefully, one is forced to the conclusion that the Mutiny as depicted in Roberts' "Forty-One Years in India" is far more entertaining reading. But "The Red Year" as a

C. WARMAN

Mr. Warman who contributed W[illegible] L[illegible] I[illegible] to CANADA-WEST. h[illegible] ider t[illegible] W[illegible]

romance only in title and make-up. It is history, one-sided history at that, with the thinnest sugar-coating of romance to make it palatable

THE FOLK AFIELD

IT HAS been a subject of reproach to English authors that they have not produced short stories to compare with those by continental writers. There is Kipling, of course—but he stands in a class by himself, without a master and without a famous pupil, although he has had many imitators France has given the world many brilliant men of talent and genius who, in the compass of a few hundred words, give, with consummate art, emotions, passions and incidents in the rich setting of stories In "The Folk Afield," a collection of fourteen short stories, Eden Phillpotts challenges comparison with the best writers on similar lines in Europe He has been a globe-trotter, and in his travels in Italy, France, the Canaries, the Caribbean Sea, Egypt and Syria, his vivid imagination wove romances or tragedies round striking natural objects that appealed to his eye. This collection shows life under various phases in many lands but it has a unity of purpose The author aims at showing (and he has succeeded admirably) "how much in common of condition the folk possess, despite essential differences of race and tradition" The volume abounds in romance, tragedy and comedy There is not a dull page in it not a story that would not repay close study

THE BARRIER

THE Yukon is the rugged stage on which the story in "The Barrier" is acted The reader who is not over-critical will find this romance by Rex Beach an attractive one There is abundant action, a variety of characters, many descriptive touches of river and mountain scenery, and a love story with a very satisfactory ending. But "The Barrier" is, on the whole, too melodramatic, and the characters act too often after the manner of the dramatis personæ in a third-class theatre. Necia, the heroine, considering her education and environment, is an impossibility. The author, too, frequently sins by putting on the lips of his rude miners language that would be better suited to men of education. However, he has created one admirable character that should make "The Barrier" popular—Poleon Doret, of the Great Heart, a rough voyageur with the "fret of travel" on him. He is thus described by Necia in the opening chapter.

"Do you remember that first day when he drifted, singing, into sight around the bend up yonder? He had paddled his birch-bark from the Chandelar without a thing to eat, hunger and hardship only made him the happier, and the closer he drew his belt the louder he sang."

And at the close when his dream of love was dispelled he paddled away in search of his "New Countree," singing "long and lustily, keeping time to the dip of his flashing paddle, and defying his bursting heart"

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Somehow Good." By William De Morgan. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co

"Weiga of Temagami" By Cy Warman. Toronto McLeod and Allen Boston: H M Caldwell and Co

"The Red Year." By Louis Tracy Toronto: McLeod and Allen

"The Folk Afield." By Eden Phillpotts. Toronto: The Musson Book Co

"The Barrier." By Rex Beach. Toronto: The Musson Book Co.

TO SUDBURY

BY GRACE WILLIAMSON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

GEOGRAPHICALLY, Canada is [illegible] Bay and the Great Lakes; commercially, this division is emphasized by the wild, rugged character of the picturesque neck of land that lies between the two bodies of water. Yet during several months of the year when commerce by water is closed by the ice, the only communication between the old Provinces of the East and the growing, thriving West is by rail through the wilds of New Ontario. For many years a single pair of rails was sufficient to direct the flow of Western produce to the East, but with the tremendous rise of agriculture on the prairies, this line has grown entirely inadequate—is being glutted, dammed with grain and cattle from the West. [illegible] line is not given speedy relief by the construction of parallel roads, the rising tide of Western business, checked in its flow toward the East, will find other outlets. Given, on one hand, a deep water-way through the Mississippi and on the other, the operation of the far seeing sagacity of a James J. Hill, and, presto! the commercial unity of Canada is broken in two.

For this reason the completion of the new Canadian Northern line from Toronto to Sudbury is of much more than local significance, since it reduces by over a third the distance between the terminus of the eastern lines at Toronto and the present converging at Port Arthur of their great network through the western wheat regions, and leaves only a five hundred mile gap in this system which is to carry Winnipeg wheat to the Atlantic.

The immediate importance of the new road is, of course, local. It connects Toronto directly with the mineral ranges adjacent to Sudbury, opens up vast forest riches and will be a joy to the sportsman and the seeker after the picturesque.

The construction was accomplished in record time; two years from Toronto to Parry Sound, and eighteen months from Parry Sound to Sudbury; and this too in the face of great natural difficulties. The country is rough and rocky, the rivers that flow into Georgian Bay are broad and deep. Over 2,223,000 pounds of dynamite were used in blasting 1,260,000 cubic yards of solid rock, and between Toronto and Sudbury forty-four steel structure bridges have been erected, aggregating 8,000 feet in length. The cost of construction averaged $45,000 a mile as against $20,000 to $25,000 in the prairie sections of the same system. But the

HARTLEY'S BAY, FRENCH RIVER, LOOKING EAST FROM THE BRIDGE

the Canadian Northern is developing a port at Key Harbor, sixty miles away on Georgian Bay. Here an immense viaduct has been built for unloading ore trains and loading vessels—and the harbor is five hundred miles nearer the ore-receiving ports of Lake Erie than are the mines of Lake Superior. In August the first shipments of ore were made, and with the completion of a smelter at Toronto a great new "home grown" Canadian industry will have been established.

KEY RAPIDS, NEAR KEY INLET CROSSING

Since the opening of the new line on the fourth of July, tourists and sportsmen have been flocking into this now accessible region. The hundreds of silvery lakes, many of them nameless, the rivers and the woods are a paradise for the fisherman or hunter, while the wild beauty of the Georgian Bay coast, the rocky hills and the dashing rapids and waterfalls have attracted lovers of the picturesque. The route is beautiful even from the beginning. As it leaves Toronto it passes up the valley of the Don with its rich and quiet landscape; then through the lake country to the shore of Georgian Bay. Between Parry Sound and Sudbury, river after river is crossed, each more beautiful than the last, though it is hard to choose between the untouched loveliness of the Still, the restless, rushing waters of the Wahnapitae, and the broad reaches of the mighty French.

THE BRIDGE OVER THE PICKEREL RIVER

But after all, though the new road immediately creates a great industry and exploits the riches of a magnificent mineral range and opens up a region of surpassing beauty, it is as a link in the future transcontinental, as a long step toward Port Arthur and the grain elevators of the West that the Canadian Northern line to Sudbury rejoices the Canadian of loyal vision.

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

THE TENNIS GIRL

WITH merry laugh and trip and whirl,
She comes again—the tennis girl!
With ruddy glow upon her face,
Takes once again her wonted place;
She *serves*—ah me, I, too, would serve;
Receives with rare precision met—
If I the ball, 'twould be a *let!*
She loves me, for I heard her say,
"*Love all!*"—it was but yesterday,
And so, because I like the sport,
I stay around the grounds—and *court!*

ALL IN BROGUE

"OI HEAR they do be sindin' messages now widout woires er poles. Faith, it's wondherful toimes we're livin' in, Dinnis!"

"It is, Moike. Shure, th' way things is goin' we'll be able t' thravel widout lavin' home wan av thim days."

A traveller, finding that he had a couple of hours in Dublin, called a cab and told the driver to drive him around for two hours. At first all went well, but soon the driver began to whip up his horse so that they narrowly escaped several collisions.

"What's the matter?" demanded the passenger. "Why are you driving so recklessly? I'm in no hurry."

"Ah, g'wan wid yez," retorted the cabby. "D'ye think I'm goin' to put in the whole day drivin' you around for two hours! Gitup!"

Mrs. Fogarty (in fashionable restaurant)—Now, fer goodness sake, Mike, don't order Irish stew.

Mr. Fogarty—All right, I won't dear. Waither, fetch me ayther some Hibernian Suey, or Celtic Goulash!

Finegan—And was you th' best mon at Muldoon's wedding, Casey?

Casey (with both eyes blacked)—Naw; I only t'ought I was.

Dolan (with magazine)—Begorra! but thot's a strange hallucynation! An ostrich thinks he's out av soight whin he puts his head in th' sand.

Mrs. Dolan—How loike a man whin he puts his head in a silk hat!

"JERRY" KEEPS SUNDAY.

By Osborne Scott.

NOW you know that the Sunday Observance Act in Canada is a very strict measure, and the Grand Trunk Pacific officials have issued instructions that it is to be observed as far as is practicable in laying the road of their new transcontinental railway.

When Cy Warman, the Canadian

railroad story writer, took the managing editor of the *Washington Post* in a private car to show him how they made three miles of railroad a day in Western Canada, "Jerry" Riordan was in charge of the work where the managing editor started sight-seeing. Jerry saw them get off the official car and promptly decided that they were officials. Something Jerry said in his greeting put "Cy" wise to Jerry's mistake, and he was not slow to take advantage of it.

Jerry was explaining to Cy and his friend the different works and how they were accomplished, when Jerry remarked, "When we were puttin' down a frog last Sunday ——"

"What? Sunday!" said Cy.

"Sathurday, Sathurday," replied the old Irishman. "Did Oi say Sunday? Sure it was Sathurday."

"When I had the gang puttin' down that siding—I think it was Sunday——"

"What!" said Cy.

"There, now, you don't care so very much, do you really, if I did do a little turn on Sunday? The work's got to be done, and if Sunday is fine we get busy."

"You're wise," said Cy.

"I'll tell you a story about that same workin' on Sunday," said Jerry.

"It was last Sunday—me and the foreman were puttin' down a frog which just had to go in on Sunday. I was down on me knees when a young farmer with the zeal of ould Wesley in his heart rode into camp.

"When he caught sight of me scrapin' a little dirt to make it go down level, 'Where's the Chief of Police?' says he.

"The foreman pointed to me and says, 'That's our Chief.'

"The farmer rode up on the dump. 'Are ye the Chief of Police?'

"'I am the Chief,' says I, wonderin' what was comin'.

"'Don't ye know,' says he, 'that ye kin be arrested for workin' on Sunday?'

"I gets next and says I in a whisper for him only to hear, 'Don't say a warrd, don't say a warrd; I got seven of them workin' now, by noon I'll have the whole damn gang working, and all in jail by sundown.'

"He went away satisfied."

AN INSATIABLE APPETITE

PUBLICAN — And how do you like being married, John?

John—Don't like it at all.

Publican—Why, what's the matter wi' she, John?

John—Well, first thing in the morning it's money; when I goes 'ome to my dinner it's money again; and at supper it's the same. Nothing but money, money, money!

Publican—Well, I never! What do she do wi' all that money?

John—I dunno. I ain't given her any yet.

DEFINED

"PAW, what is a philosopher?"

"He's a man, my son, who can eat sawdust and make himself think it's ice cream."

"Paw, what is a sociologist?"

"A sociologist, my boy, is a person who can inspect a garbage can and find enough material in it for a long lecture on the needs of society."

PUT OUT OF COMMISSION

ABERNETHY was supposed to influence people by a brusqueness amounting to absolute rudeness. It is related that one day a very voluble lady took her daughter, who was ill, to see him.

"Which of you two wants to consult me?" said Abernethy.

"My daughter," replied the elderly woman.

Abernethy then put a question to the girl. Before she had a chance to reply her mother began a long story. Abernethy told her to be quiet, and repeated his question to the girl. A second time the woman began a story, and a second time he told her to be quiet—then she interrupted him a third time.

"Put your tongue out," he said to the mother.

"But there's nothing the matter with me," she exclaimed.

"Never mind, put your tongue out," he commanded.

Thoroughly overawed, the woman obeyed.

"Now keep it out," said Abernethy, and he proceeded to examine the girl.